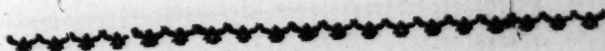




THE
MERCENARY MARRIAGE,
VOL. II.



THE

MERCENARY MARRIAGE

OF THE



HISTORY

THE

OF

MERCENARY MARRIAGE
MISS SHEPSTONE

VOL. II

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LONDON

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MERCENARY MARRIAGE;
OR, THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
MISS SHENSTONE.

V O L. II.

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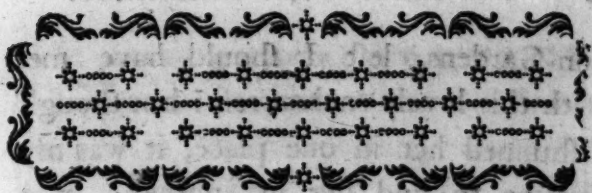
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THE
MERCENARY MARRIAGE.



LETTER XXXIX.

Mr. HERBERT to Sir WILLIAM BOVEY.

OUR friendly admonitions joined to those of my brother made so proper an impression upon me, that I was determined to endeavour to keep a very tight rein over my passions : I carefully avoided, therefore, Kensington-

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ton-

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ton-Gardens, lest I should have met with this lovely enchantress : but though I shunned her in one place, it was my fortune to find her in another ; in a place where I did not indeed in the least expect to fall in with her.

A Mr. Young, an old acquaintance of Lord Herbert's, came to visit him on his return to England, and so warmly invited us both to his house at Peterham for a few days, that my brother not only accepted of his invitation, but made *me* promise to accompany him. As I had no business to hinder me from giving myself pleasure by obliging him, I readily complied with his request.

We went down in his lordship's post chaise in the morning ; and when the hour of dinner arrived, there was as much company as could conveniently

ly

ly sit down to table. Among the rest, and superior to them all, Lady Glاندour was first distinguished. I cannot well describe what I felt when, upon entering the saloon, my eyes met hers. When I raised them a second time, after having thrown them down to give her time to recover from the confusion which my sudden appearance had visibly occasioned, they were dazzled with the charms of her person, heightened by the lustre and elegant arrangement of her jewels, and by the happy taste discoverable in every part of her dress. I checked myself, however, immediately for suffering myself to be so caught by the splendor of her presence, and softly asked my heart—while my eyes were again wandering over her brilliant charms——if I should not have loved her as truly, if I

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should not have doated on her as fondly, had she come, adorned only with her native loveliness to my arms. My heart told me that I should have adored her in whatever state she appeared to me. Laura must be ever Laura to the eyes, to the heart of her Herbert—I may still, Bovey, venture, I hope, to call her by the endearing name of friend: her friendship is the next blessing to her love, and *that* surely I may enjoy.

But how, you will say, how dare I indulge myself with a passion so nearly allied to the tenderest? and between which the limits are hardly discernable, or, at least, hardly to be kept distinct? There is no possibility of making a continual resistance to the most inticing of all allurements, the seducing charms of the woman we long have loved—To see

see that woman oppressed, disquieted, rendered unhappy, and not wish to fly to her relief—My sensibility is I confess too acute—my feelings are too keen—*But why is she who thought she possessed every thing in the gratification of her ambition, why is she unhappy? and how came you acquainted with her unhappiness?*—Such questions are natural, and I shall answer them by relating faithfully all that passed between us at Peterham.

During the time we were at table we only exchanged looks, "but *her* looks were the softest, sweetest—I may add the tenderest—that were ever cast on the happiest lover; in return for which, though I was not then near her, I paid her all the attention which the distance between us would permit, and sent her something from every dish within my reach.

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reach. Soon after the ladies withdrew, the men, who were not fond of drinking, rose and went into the garden.—There we met the women, and I had an opportunity of singling out Lady Glendour, for she immediately came up to me with a languishing smile, and told me that she was happy to meet with me: with a sigh she added, that she had long sincerely lamented our separation.—“We must not, indeed, be lovers,” continued she, “but may we not be friends?”

“Certainly,” replied I; “the sincerest friends, I hope, we shall ever be.”

“If you really mean what you say,” answered she, “there may be yet some hopes of returning happiness for me: happiness is a blessing to which I have been quite a stranger since we parted.”

I was

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I was very sorry to hear her talk in that strain, but I could not hinder myself from being pleased with believing that I could have made her happy, tho' Lord Glandour had failed, had she accepted of my hand.

A few tears which dropped from her eyes while she spoke, melted my soul—she wiped them away with her handkerchief, and strove to hide them from the company: she appeared also willing that I should see them, as she purposely turned her face towards me.

It is impossible for me to tell you what I felt at the sight of her weeping eyes—I longed to drive away all her tears; I longed to endeavour at least to give ease to her bosom, which seemed to heave with disquietude and remorse: my conjectures were in consequence of my feelings; my bosom throbbed at the

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remembrance of the transports of which I had been deprived by her desertion from me.

My sensations rendered me, for some time, unable to speak—Sighs burst from my overcharged heart: and they were echoed by those which she could not, which she attempted not to suppress.

We were in this situation when Mrs. Young came up, and pulling her by the sleeve, said something softly to her: She made a reply in a discontented tone, while she followed her to another part of the garden. Lord Herbert, at the same instant, advanced to me, and asked me with a very serious air, if I had forgot that there were other people besides Lady Glandour.

I felt his reproof, and stood corrected: it opened my eyes immediately,
and

and rendered me sensible of the great impropriety of my behaviour, especially in a place full of mixed company: I, therefore, kept at a proper distance the rest of the day.

Towards the dusk of the evening Lady Glandour passed me close, as if by mere accident.

"I have something particular," said she, in a whisper, "to communicate to you in Kensington-Gardens."

"I had just time to catch her hand, and to press it, before she flew from me, and joined the party she had left."

In our way home, my brother, a second time, warmly expostulated with me, upon my conduct, the indiscretion of which he painted in the most glaring colours, not forgetting to expatiate on the injury I should do Lady Glandour as well as myself, by forcing every

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body to see, whether they would or not, the singularity of my whole carriage to her, which would certainly, he averred, ruin her reputation, and infallibly alienate her affections from her husband: adding that it would, probably, occasion an irreparable breach between them. He, also, dropped some hints, as if he thought her too ready to give me encouragement—Now I cannot be of his lordship's opinion there—I never saw a finer glow of modesty in her cheeks, nor a greater delicacy in her manners: As to the charge against myself, I plead guilty: most assuredly, I ought not to take any pains to revive dormant ideas of felicity on either side—They should be stifled whenever they rise. Lord Herbert is right: I cannot properly be said to love the woman whose
character

character I injure, whose peace I destroy, by pursuing her.—Yet is not her peace already destroyed? Has she not met with some disappointments, resulting from unpleasing discoveries, from this hasty marriage, sufficient to make her repent of having deserted me? I am thoroughly persuaded that her disappointments have produced repentance: However, as her grievances are of such a nature as to admit of no redress, I will be advised: for her sake, I will not run the risque of increasing them—I curbed the inclination I felt to pay another visit to Kensington-Gardens, even though it was strengthened by her own desire to meet me there.—Now Bovey, will you not own that there is some merit in my self-denial? You *would*, if you knew

to what a degree I still doat on her,
and how powerfully she tempts

Your

C. HERBERT.



LETTER XL.

Lady GLANDOUR to Miss CHAPMAN.

IT is well you have so good an
excuse ready as the invitation
into Kent by your brother; I would
have given you up for ever if you
had not made a satisfactory apology
for your conduct: yes, for ever: I
would not have written another line
to you, though my heart is bursting to
vent itself.

As my Lord—happy event!—is still
detained by the continued illness of
his uncle—which half distracts him, I
find,

find, by keeping him at so great a distance from me—I laid a scheme to meet Herbert at Mrs. Young's at Peterham: but I only gave myself additional uneasiness by carrying it into execution: his charming figure, and still more engaging manners, quite bewitched me: I scarce knew how to conceal the sensations: I fear I did not conceal them even from *him*; and yet why do I say I fear I did not, as I certainly wished to have him acquainted with every secret of my heart—My secret thoughts, however, should not be discovered by any body but the person who is alone interested in them, by having inspired them.—O Sally, Sally! what a difference is there between this too charming fellow whom I might have married, whom I ought to have married, and the man, to whom
I am

I *am* married! My heart sinks within me when I reflect upon it: my tears stream, involuntarily, from my eyes. I had only intended to get Herbert from Emily Musgrove, and then to have laughed at them both when I had gained my point:—but it is no laughing matter now: I am too deeply touched to be merry about it, on a nearer view of *him* completely elegant in his looks and behaviour, and with his eyes full of that impassioned tenderness which first captivated my heart, and made it his own for ever.—I thought of nothing but the exquisite felicity I might have enjoyed had I not foolishly, vainly, deprived myself of it.—The recollection of my folly, and of my vanity almost tortures me to madness, especially as I find that though he appeared, at Peterham, to be very much affected

affected by my distress, he is still too much offended with me for leaving him, to be ever thoroughly reconciled.— Were he not so offended, he would not have failed to meet me in Kensington-Gardens, when I told him that I wished to see him there. He is, undoubtedly, either quite angry, or else he has been with Emily Musgrove, and she has prevailed on him not to come near me: but I will make another attempt: I will see whether I have lost every kind of influence over him. He need not be afraid of me: I want nothing of him: I want only to let him see how sensible I am of the monstrous folly, of the crime, indeed, I committed by leaving him for the man whom I could not love, whom I now actually abhor, and despise.—He would, perhaps, pity me, if he heard my penitential

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tential confessions—His pity is all the consolation I can, in my present miserable state, hope for.—With *that* consolation my heart will burst. I am going to write to him immediately.—May all the powers of tender eloquence direct the pen of

Your

LAURA GLANDOUR.



LETTER XLI.

MR. HEBERT TO SIR WILLIAM BOVEY.

I Have been guilty of a considerable weakness—I fear there has been a degree of criminality in my conduct: but you cannot condemn me more severely than I have condemned myself.

I received from Lady Glandour, yesterday a note, in which she pressed
me.

me with the greatest and most affecting earnestness to let her see me once more, as she had something very important to communicate to me.—I could not resist, especially when I reflected on the distress in which she appeared at our last meeting—Yet, though reason told me I could be of no service to her, the remains of my passion, stronger than reason, prompted me to fly to her, in order to make an effort to relieve her, despairing as I was of success.

Hastening to the place where I had enjoyed so many transporting moments in her dear society, I found her there—Her presence reproached me for my tardiness, but she was not disposed to receive me with upbraidings: she appeared, indeed, incapable of uttering them.—She received me with such an appearance of real satisfaction, of excessive

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cessive joy, I may add, that I forgot every thing—I was charmed to see her as kind as ever I had known her, and only restrained from giving me every proof of her affectionate regard, by the recollection of her detested marriage, which she again assured me, was the cause of all the misery she endured; misery which would never end but with her life—or the dissolution of her unfortunate marriage.—“Were I but at liberty,” continued she, “I would give myself to you for ever:—“Yet were I, at this moment free, you are engaged to Emily Musgrove; and I cannot expect to taste tranquillity again.”

Here I interrupted her; assuring her, that I was under no engagement to Miss Musgrove, or to any other woman; and that I only wished she
was

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was as much at liberty as myself, as I was quite ready to take her to my arms.

A torrent of tears immediately rushed from her lovely eyes, and she lamented her ambition and folly in such pathetic terms, that they pierced my soul. I availed myself of all the elocution I was master of to soothe her, to restore her mind to the calmness it enjoyed before she cherished the delusive idea of Grandeur being able to procure real felicity: a fatal mistake repented of too late—I so far succeeded that she raised her drooping head, and dried her weeping eyes, which were turned towards me with all that love and softness in them that had, when she first confessed her tender sensations on my account, given me the highest delight.—She thanked me in the warmest

est terms for the consideration I had shewn her; begged me earnestly to continue my friendship for her, and as earnestly intreated me to condescend to see her sometimes.

Only think of her mentioning my condescending to see her—Charming creature! I could hardly forbear clasping her in my arms, and pressing her to my throbbing bosom—My hands, indeed, strayed inadvertently round her waste.

Lifting up her eyes, in which appeared a most delicious languor, she murmured out, in a faint voice, inconceivably touching—“Have you forgiven me, my Herbert—for mine—“you will—you must be?”

Think of my situation, Bovey: think of this lovely woman's declaring, in the most melting accents, and confirming

firming her declaration with looks more expressive than a thousand words, that I was, and ever should be dear to her : that I must be her friend, and see her often : that my behaviour had made her hope I had pardoned what she, herself, thought was never to be forgiven, her desertion from me, and her alliance with a man merely to be placed in a higher sphere of life ; with a man perfectly odious to her ; a man with whom she believed it impossible for her to live.—“ Tell me, therefore,” continued she, reclining on my arm ; “ tell me, my dearest Charles, that you have pardoned me, and that you will see me every day, all the day when my tyrant is absent.”

Where is the man thus called upon by the woman he adored, thus charmingly tempted to forget every moral,
every

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every social virtue, to forget even himself, and all but her, could have avoided assuring her that he would do every thing she required, that he would be entirely at her disposal? Transported with my angel's seducing behaviour, I promised to seize all opportunities of being with her. Words were naturally followed by the actions, corresponding with them: we gave and received innumerable endearments, which might have justly been deemed innocent had not her cursed marriage with Lord Glandour rendered them indefensible, and poisoned the enjoyment of them.

We parted not till we had been a considerable time together: I then put her into a hackney coach which waited for her at the garden-gate.

When I reflected seriously on what had past, I remembered the raptures I
had

had enjoyed with many painful emotions, being well assured that Laura could not be legally mine, and that I ought to have treated her as the wife of Lord Glandour, whom, by the manner in which I behaved, I had greatly injured ; and that I also had injured the woman on whom I doated, by encouraging her to deviate from her duty to her husband—Lord Herbert had often endeavoured to guard me against a behaviour of this sort ; but the fascinating power of the woman whom we fondly love is not to be resisted—Better thoughts, however, succeeded those which rolled in my mind while this dear angel leaned upon my bosom, while I walked towards home. I was very sensible that I had been much to blame ; I was the more sensible of the imprudence of my conduct, when I
saw

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saw my brother soon afterwards. He told me plainly that he was astonished at my persisting to follow a married woman; that I was guilty of the greatest absurdity imaginable, setting aside the immorality of my proceedings—

“Are you not in the highest degree ridi-

“culous,” added he, “by being foolishly

“attached to a woman who, evidently,

“does not care a straw for you: had she

“been as strongly prejudiced in your

“favour as you are in hers, would she

“have left you for another man? I

“should be quite ashamed of appearing

“so weak, of being so egregious a dupe:

“I would not have a woman think I love

“her, unless she first discovers an inclina-

“tion to return my passion. What satis-

“faction, after all, can arise from the

“seduction of a woman from her duty?

“What pleasure can you feel by leading

“a life

"a life of terror, and by making your-
 "self an object of contempt? Certainly
 "you, by acting in this way, purchase
 "pleasure at too extravagant a price : if
 "any pleasure can result from an oppo-
 "sition to reason and honour." In short,
 my Lord lectured me with such good
 sense on my too readily giving the reins
 to my inclination, that I began to see
 my conduct in a proper point of view :
 to see myself in a very contemptible
 light.—However, though I was con-
 vinced of my folly, I could not easily
 divest myself of an attachment in which
 my heart was deeply concerned. The
 returning love of the woman on whom
 my soul had ever doated, and the tender-
 ness with which it was accompanied,
 rendered me incapable of resisting her
 advances towards the renewal of our
 intimacy : but had she not made those

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advances, I hope I could not, I flatter myself I could not have ventured to go such lengths with a married woman.

All night was there in my mind a violent contest between love and reason: the latter conquered; but I have suffered so much by the victory gained over myself, that I do not know whether I shall be able to keep my ground or not.— Say any thing you can think of to strengthen the resolution of

Your

C. HERBERT.



LETTER XLII.

From the same to the same.

FROM the time I received your last honest, and friendly arguments to keep me steady to my purpose, I must

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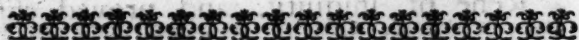
I must confess I was in a wavering state; fluctuating between the stimulations of love, and the remonstrances of honour: a letter which I received yesterday put an end to the embarrassments of uncertainty; but it sharpened my remorse, and it doubled my compassion for the fair writer of it—I cannot describe what I felt on her account: yet I cannot alter my resolution never to see her again till she is in a situation to give a sanction to my passion for her. Were she indeed so situated, I should perhaps entertain some doubts: it is also probable that love would dispel them: yet when a woman has once violently deviated from the paths of discretion, how can a man repose any confidence in her? I will not, I cannot transcribe the letter I have received: honour, gratitude, and love, uniting,

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forbid me ; nor, indeed, will my tortured mind permit me to dwell any longer on a subject which is too affecting to

Your ever sincere friend,

C. HERBERT.



L E T T E R XLIII.

Lord GLANDOUR to Mr. MACINTOSH.

I Am more wretched than you can possibly conceive me to be—My suspicions are all confirmed : my wife—my torment is the character I have long feared she would be—she is a very *Messalina*. I have hardly power to tell you what has happened to me.

When I came home last night, totally unexpected, Lady Glandour—Oh! why must I call her so!—was abroad——I traced her, with some difficulty,

to Kensington-Gardens: there, by a piece of good luck—though I am certainly very unfortunate in my alliance with such a devil—I intercepted a letter designed for *her*, which discovered such a scene of iniquity, and proved this woman to be so infamously abandoned, by leaving *me* for a former lover that—but I have not patience to proceed—I want strength—I almost want breath—You will find a copy of this letter inclosed; to the honour of the writer it ought to be publickly known: I wish, indeed, to save myself from the contempt, the undeserved contempt to which my connection with such a woman cruelly exposes me; but I have no desire to conceal the noble resistance he has made to the inveigling arts of a creature whom he once loved as fondly as I have done, and by whom he has

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been most scandalously deceived : to *him* I am obliged for a discovery with which, though it has given me a great deal of pain, it was highly necessary I should be acquainted—To *him* I am under obligations, though his letter did not fall into my hands agreeably to his intentions. He has really acted like a man of honour, like a man of humanity, like a gentleman : and he deserves a much better woman for his wife than *my* plague would have been, had he married her.—However, I firmly believe that *he* was the man of *her* choice ; or else she never could have gone such lengths—Some women, indeed, are so amazingly vicious that they will do any thing : *my* wife, I fear, is of this breed ; and yet, as I have no proofs—(*no damning proofs*, in the emphatical language of Shakespear)

I can-

I cannot procure a divorce: A separation, however, may be effected: but that will not be quite satisfactory—No; if I cannot get rid of her entirely, I will keep her by way of punishment; and punished she will sufficiently be, for as she loves nothing so much as a perpetual appearance in all public places, in order to be admired, and flattered by a pack of prating puppies, the exclusion from *them* will be a thousand times more mortifying to her than a divorce. A woman with her principles, or rather a wretch with no principles at all, pays no regard to any thing: she dreads nothing but the loss of those licentious pleasures which she values more than her duty or her reputation, her health, or even her life itself: I can, therefore, make myself no amends for the injury I have re-

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ceived from Lady Glandour, but seeing her confined to a spot far removed from the scenes from which she derives all her delight. She is, I imagine, exceedingly provoked at her disappointment last night: a disappointment you little think of—you might guess for a twelve-month without hitting upon it. — I'll tell you — This devil would have left me, would have actually gone away with a former lover: and she blackened the complexion of her criminal design, by inviting *him* to carry her off. To facilitate the execution of that design she had, I found by the purport of his answer, repaired to Kensington-Gardens, where they frequently met: there she waited for him, and was disappointed: instead of meeting her in person, he wrote the inclosed letter, and sent it by a person whom,
upon

upon my entering the gardens, I found staring about him. This person, at last, asked me if I had seen such a lady, describing the figure and dress of my wife. I replied, immediately, that I knew where she was, and would deliver any message or letter to her from him. He told me that he was ordered to give the letter into her own hand. I was exceedingly provoked, and offered him what I thought a very handsome gratuity for trusting me with the execution of his commission: but he would not take it. I then doubled my offer: he still refused—I pretended to leave him, but kept him in sight till he reached my wife, who was waiting, with all the agitation of spirits commonly felt by those who are going to be guilty of a criminal action.—She knew him, I found, or guessed, at least,

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least, that he had something to say to her, for she coloured, and took the letter he presented, with a trembling hand. But who can describe her emotions when I came, instantly, behind the messenger, and snatched it from her before she could have time to open it.—She started, screamed, and sunk down upon the bench from which she had risen. The servant submissively enough expressed his concern by his looks, and offered to assist her.—I fiercely bade him leave us, and tell his master that Lord Glandour was in possession of his letter—I will not acquaint you with what my wife said, I scarcely heard it; my rage was too great.—I obliged her to go with me to the coach, a vile hack which waited for her, and only asking her if such an equipage was fit for a woman of
her

her rank, and in her situation, commanded the fellow to drive to my house as soon as possible.—She held up her handkerchief to her face all the way, and wept prodigiously—for forced tears from her eyes to move me.—As soon as I got home I led her up to her chamber, locked her in, and put the key in my pocket. I then sat down to read the letter which she had not opened, and which fully discovered what an abandoned prostitute she is.—It was some time before I could collect my thoughts sufficiently to know how to act in an affair which required—you will allow, I believe—no small consideration: My people more than once asked me if I would be pleased to have supper sent up, before I could return them any answer.—At last, ashamed of appearing so unlike my

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former self to my servants, by the behaviour of a wretch undeserving of the slightest attention, I sat down to table. Having swallowed a few mouthfuls, I took a plate of what stood nearest to me in one hand, and a glass of wine and water in the other, and carried them to her—Setting them upon the table, I retired, locking the door after me.

Between twelve and one, I sent her woman to undress her, while I waited in an adjoining room; then, turning Badley out, I threw myself into a chair by the bed side, and began to expostulate with her upon her conduct. With all the temper I was master of, I asked her why she married me, if she liked another man better.

She replied, without the least hesitation, or attempt to palliate her irregular

regular proceedings, that she married me merely to raise herself to a rank in life superior to that in which the man whom she loved could place her.

“And of what advantage,” answered I, “will your rank now be to you, as you have not only declared an attachment to another man, but acted in such a manner, as to render your virtue very questionable, if you have not actually entered into a criminal connection with the man to whom your heart is devoted?”

“My heart is devoted,” replied she; eagerly, “to *him* alone; and in the enjoyment of his society. I should not make myself uneasy about any suspicions relating to my reputation.”

“Since you deliver yourself with so much freedom,” said I, “and are such an advocate for licentious pleasures,

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“fures, you cannot, rationally expect
“me to forgive what is past; as you
“would certainly take the first oppor-
“tunity, after having received my par-
“don, to offend again in the same
“way: you must prepare yourself,
“therefore, to feel the weight of an
“injured husband’s resentment—Raised
“to a sphere in life far beyond your
“reasonable expectation, and profusely
“furnished with the means of pro-
“curing all reasonable pleasures, you
“have by your ungenerous as well as
“unkind behaviour added ingratitude
“to indiscretion. When you have sin-
“cerely repented of your very cen-
“surable conduct, and made proper
“atonement for it, you shall be al-
“lowed the liberty you have hitherto
“enjoyed, but not till then—I fear,
“indeed, you will never deserve the
“full

“ full re-enjoyment of it. Consider,
“ therefore, into what a condition you
“ have brought yourself.

I was too much affected to proceed;
—the remembrance of the transports I
had enjoyed in my Laura's arms, when
I fondly believed I was truly loved by
her; and the dreadful certainty of find-
ing myself grossly deceived; agitated
my mind in a manner not to be ex-
pressed: my feelings were almost insup-
portable: I covered my face with my
hand: I would not let my infamous
wife see to what a state she had reduced
me.

During the remainder of the night I
considered what method I should take
to keep her confined, and whom I
should trust to wait on, and to supply
her with the things absolutely necessary
for her. Criminal, and ungrateful as
she

she had been, I did not intend to treat her with all the neglect and contempt which she had deserved: I only wished to prevent her from giving a loose to her vicious desires; and to cure her, if possible, of her passion for general admiration. After having tortured my brain to no purpose, for a considerable time, I recollected a person on whom I could, I imagined, depend: but I do not chuse to send for even her to London: my design, therefore, is to carry Lady Glandour into the North: I have for a good while wished to reside upon my estate there: *She*, alone, has hitherto, kept me from going to it. She will now drive me thither with the utmost expedition.

I cannot describe what I feel upon this disagreeable, this distracting change in my affairs.—I give you leave to shew

the

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the inclosed to any of your friends, provided you conceal the name of the person to whom it is addressed; you will observe the genteelness and generosity of the writer's concealment.—He certainly deserves a better wife than would have fallen to his lot had he married the woman whom fortune has destined for the torment of

Your most unhappy friend,

GLANDOUR.



LETTER XLIV.

Inclosed in the foregoing one.

WITH what words shall I attempt to answer your last favour, Madam? In what language shall I venture to tell you, that dear as you have long been to my doating heart, I cannot, dare not be

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be guilty of the base action to which you tempt me, to a man who has never designedly offended me?—I could not bring myself to seduce the wife of even my most inveterate enemy; still less can I bear to injure the woman whom I have long loved;—(whom I still fondly love;) whatever disquietude I feel by knowing that she is married to another. I cannot be so selfish as to wish that she should on *my* account take a step in the least detrimental to her honour, destructive of her reputation.—I have often regretted, 'tis true, and I, at this instant, lament the loss of the woman, whom I preferred to all her sex; but I must also, still more for her sake than my own, look on her as for ever *lost to me*; tho' I shall ever remember with the most lively gratitude the regard with which she has honoured her most respectful humble servant,

CHARLES HERBERT.

LETTER XLV.

Mr. HERBERT to Sir WILLIAM BOVEY.

INTO what a situation am I thrown? Who, in *my* place, would not be ready to forswear having any future connections with women? Yet to be favoured, I may, I believe, venture to add, loved, by two such women as Laura and Emily, would make the coldest bosom glow with the warmest sensations.—Poor, undone Laura! my heart bleeds for her.—My letter which Johnson carried to her in Kensington-Gardens was, on its delivery into her hand, snatched from it, before she could open it, by her Lord, who has since hurried her down to Scotland. I am distressed beyond expression to think that her shame and confinement originate from her own imprudence.

To

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To the increase of my disquietude, I heard, yesterday, that Miss Musgrove was dangerously ill of a fever occasioned by the great anxiety she endured at hearing that a young gentleman who had been most hospitably entertained by her father at his house for several weeks—with a view for the re-establishment of his health, after a severe illness—had renewed his correspondence with a married lady, once *her* most intimate friend.—I could not but feel myself to be this man, Bovey, and sighed with the deepest regret, not only at the dear girl's sufferings on my account, but because I must appear in a criminal light to *her*, and to her father, in consequence of their giving credit to the injurious information concerning me.—Yet how can I exculpate myself without accusing Lady Glandour? To what a disagreeable, to what an embarrassing

barrassing state am I reduced? How cutting are the sensations which I feel for the sorrows of these two lovely women, especially for Emily, poor dear innocent sufferer, whom my heart longs to relieve! but I dare not appear before her family, while I am unjustly supposed capable of being criminally connected with a married woman.—I have but one consolation, and that no small one, you will confess, Bovey: I have had strength sufficient to resist the offers, the importunities, indeed, of this alluring woman. What a conquest have I gained over my once too weak, too susceptible heart!—I am thoroughly sensible what my victory has cost me, yet, at the same time, I must rejoice at it; for the sake of poor Emily I must rejoice at it, even for the sake of unhappy Laura too, whose hard fate I shall ever lament, and for whom
I shall

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I shall ever feel the sincerest compassion. The letter which she wrote to me, and which determined me not to trust myself with the sight of her any more, I have destroyed.—I wish indeed to obliterate all those transactions from my mind which cannot be remembered without pain.—Would I could bury them all in oblivion! Would I could forget that I had ever seen Laura! Would I could fly to Emily!—But could I fly to *her*, I should only plunge myself into new difficulties, new distresses.—She is infinitely out of the reach of

—Your sincerely-affectionate

C. HERBERT.

LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

MISS MUSGROVE TO MISS BUTLER.

AFTER a long and painful struggle between life and death, I am restored: desirable, however, as returning health is, I enjoy my recovery with double satisfaction, as my mind has, in some measure regained its wonted tranquillity.

Herbert, my Lucy, the amiable Herbert no longer merits the accusation so injurious to him: *he has not* attempted to seduce Lady Glandour from her duty: on the contrary, *she* attempted to prevail on him to carry her abroad, and reside with her there: but he had too much honour, too much generosity even to mention her indiscreet proceedings to any creature, tho' his character was highly censured

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censured on her account. Lord Glاندoux, who intercepted Herbert's answer to his Lady, was noble enough to transcribe it, for a particular friend of his, with a permission to shew it to any body, concealing my Lady's name. This friend fortunately happened to communicate it to a gentleman with whom my father has been long intimately acquainted.—Pleased with the agreeable discovery, my father not only made my heart glad with the most welcome intelligence, but went immediately to see Herbert, to congratulate him upon the heroic manner in which he had conducted himself upon so delicate an occasion, and to invite him to come, and stay with us at Aston. My father also told me that Herbert expressed much concern at my illness.—What true greatness of mind has he shewn! He has raised himself in every
body's

body's esteem: but my hand is hardly yet able, tho' extremely willing to write encomiums on him: it is too weak—I can only add that I am

Ever yours affectionately,

E. M.



L E T T E R XLVII.

Mr. HERBERT to Sir WILLIAM BOVEY.

I Meet, every hour, with new shocks. Agreeably to the invitation—I may add intreaties I received from Mr. Musgrove, I went to Acton; he would not be denied: He told me, during our ride, for he fetched me in his chariot, that I should see my little friend very much altered; but tho' I was prepared for such a change in her, I cannot describe the astonishment and concern I felt at the

sight of the amiable Emily, pale, emaciated, and almost fainting in her chair. She attempted to rise, but found herself unable. I ran, I flew to her assistance. She held out her poor hand to me, white indeed, but almost shrivelled, so much was she fallen away. I caught it hastily, I pressed it to my bosom with a passionate kind of eagerness which proceeded, at that time, I thought, only from a lively gratitude, of which I could not help being sensible for the favours conferred on me by her family; but a sigh which escaped me while I beheld with pity the havoc which her illness had made, her illness occasioned by her anxiety on my account, forced me to believe that my sensations were of a tenderer nature. With the discovery of such sensations I should have been infinitely pleased, had I not reflected on the certainty of my being in

no

no situation to expect an heiress to so large a fortune as Mr. Musgrove had to leave behind him. However, tho' I deemed it quite necessary to keep down my wishes, I resolved to indulge the exquisite satisfaction of returning the regard which she had shewn me when I came indisposed to Acton, by every method in my power.

My first address so much disconcerted the dear girl, that she blushed exceedingly, and appeared quite irresolute—she seemed not to know whether she should withdraw her hand, or suffer me to detain it.—While she hesitated I had it in mine; accepting at the same time of a seat, which she pointed to near her.

Some moments passed before her fluttered spirits would give her leave to speak.

Mr. Musgrove saw our embarrassments, and thinking, perhaps, that a

third person—especially a father, and a very respectable parent—increased them, made haste to retire.

Immediately on his quitting the room, I seized the opportunity to declare my acknowledgments for the uneasiness she had endured, in consequence of the dangerous condition into which I was on the point of plunging myself by giving the reins to my passion for Lady Glandour: By the gratification of which I should not only have ruined her peace for ever, but have exposed her to the resentment of my Lord, and the contempt of the world.—“As to myself,” continued I, “the entire loss of her friendship would have been my greatest misfortune; a friendship to which I could not have aspired with any propriety, after having rendered myself unworthy of it.”

She

She blushed, and smiled her approbation of what I had said, but made little or no reply: yet her eyes very eloquently expressed the satisfaction she felt at my return, and she received all my little attentions about her, all my efforts to oblige her, and to entertain her, in a manner which most enchantlyingly convinced me that she did not wish to conceal the pleasure they gave her. But to what purpose is she so delightfully engaging? By letting me see the immense difference between her and poor Laura, she will only render *herself* still a more captivating object in my eyes, and *me* incapable of resisting the united charms of beauty and virtue happily united in *her*: to say nothing of the embellishments of her understanding, and the refinement of her taste.

Why will Mr. Musgrove expose my too susceptible heart to the charms of

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such a daughter, whom he would think degraded if married to a man who has not a fortune to pretend to her?—I must fly for it. The conduct of Lady Glandour, tho' it has exerted in me the strongest compassion, has left a void in my heart which this amiable girl alone can fill. I cannot think of leaving her, till the indisposition occasioned by her particular esteem—I may add, affection for me, is entirely removed.—When she is quite recovered I shall not dare to trust myself with her a single moment longer. I have some thought of making a tour to Switzerland, before the setting in of the winter: but I will first spend a few weeks with *you*. I can better tell Emily that I am going into Somersetshire than that I intend to leave England.

Yours

C. HERBERT.

LETTER

L E T T E R XLVIII.

Miss MUSGROVE to Miss BUTLER.

WHAT transport, my dearest, my beloved friend, swells the bosom of your Emily ! Herbert, the amiable, the excellent Herbert is returned to us : but how shall I describe the effect which his first re-appearance had on me ? I almost fainted thro' excess of joy, tho' my father had kindly prepared me for such an interview. The respectful, yet tender air, with which he accosted me, the languor of his expressive eyes, the softness of his voice, and the gentle pressure of his hands, touched my heart in so forcible a manner that I could hardly forbear expressing myself in very improper language. I long to acquaint him with every feeling of my soul : I

was as ready to meet him as I should be to meet *you*, my dear, after a tedious absence. I wished—my face is in a glow while I write—I wished, ardently wished Lucy, to fold him modestly, affectionately to my bosom, to tell him that I was transported to see him; that I honoured him, esteemed him—that I loved him. However, consideration came to my assistance. I was silent, but I sighed while I received with rapture his thousand attentions to please me: deeply did I sigh to think that prudence forbade me to make either acknowledgements or returns. Studious as he is, solicitous as he is to please me, I cannot flatter myself that he feels those tender sensations of which I am so sensible on his account. He certainly loves—or *did* love Lady Glandour, and till she went such indiscreet lengths, he gave her all
the

the reason in the world to imagine—as he assured me—that she was beloved: tho’ he never intended to see her; still less to keep up any acquaintance with her.—“But “ who, Miss Musgrove,” said he one day, when we were talking upon this subject, soon after his arrival here; “ who can tell how to set bounds to a “ tender passion, inspired, and even encouraged by an object every way desirable? I cannot boast of so much “ insensibility. I feel myself, on the contrary, but too much alive to the “ warmest passions: nay friendship, entered “ into with the same sentiments, would “ soon be ripened into love.”

I not only entirely agreed with him, Lucy, upon this point, but very strongly felt the close connection between friendship and love: I could not conceal my emotions: my face glowed, I trem-

bled, and hung my head, conscious of feeling myself very tenderly attached to him.—Not daring to give a vent to my sensations, I sat apparently quite stupid, tho' almost dissolved in pleasure, while he detained my too passive hand in his, and seemed to read every thing that passed in my breast. He has, ever since, been so uncommonly attentive to me, so ready, so eager to oblige, that I cannot but behold him with the most affectionate eyes. He scarce ever leaves me a single moment; he watches my every look, and motion: if I ride, he enquires whether the coach goes too fast, or too slow; asks me if I sit easy; and holds the string of the window to let it up or down, just as I have too much or too little air. If he drives me in the chaise, his eyes are much oftner on me than on the horses: if we walk, his arm supports my still tottering steps.

Last

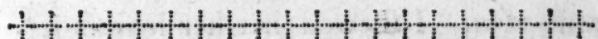
Last night, being engaged in an entertaining conversation, we walked farther than we intended; too far indeed for *me*: he soon perceived that I was weary, and looked round for a resting-place. At last, he caught me up in his arms and carried me across a large field, telling me that there was a barn at the end of it where we might rest upon a rye-stack. The men who were at work went away, but not till Herbert had whispered one of them, who in a short time returned with a bowl of fine cream. He prevailed on me to taste it: while he sat by me desiring me, at the same time, to lean against him, and begging me to forgive his inadvertency in leading me so far from home. What a man is this, Lucy? Even his omissions are meritorious, as they give him an opportunity to become a thousand times

more engaging. With what earnestness did he persuade me to remain where I was, till I was quite recovered from my fatigue! He proposed sending one of the men to fetch either the chariot or the chaise; but I was afraid that my father would be alarmed, and imagine I was ill, and, therefore, assured him that I was quite able to walk home; but his expressions of anxiety and solicitude about me were innumerable. I could not possibly think I was mistaken: I really believed that all his assiduities proceeded from the cause from which I had long wished it to arise. I really believed that love as well as friendship had some share in his his assiduous behaviour. While he grasped my hand gently in his, he frequently, with his arm, folded my waist, and prest me to his bosom. I made no opposition, Lucy, to the tender proofs of his attachment to me; on the contrary, I enjoyed

joyed them. It is honourable, it is virtuous to love such a man as Herbert; and I should look upon his returned love as the greatest of all blessings: whether that blessing is reserved for *me*—there I am in a state of the most perplexing uncertainty. His looks and his actions mark the lover, but he mentions nothing except friendship to your

Ever affectionate

E. MUSGROVE.



L E T T E R XLIX.

Lord GLANDOUR to Mr. MACKINTOSH.

WHAT a restless, wretched mortal is the man who loves—still, truly loves even the woman who betrays him, who despises his reproofs, who will not be won by his kindness, who treats with contempt

contempt not only *his* good opinion, but the approbation of all worthy people ! Such a woman is, I fear, the wife of your unhappy friend. Why, why, Mackintosh ; why do I live to know that there are no hopes of reclaiming Lady Glandour from her licentious proceedings ? In vain have I reasoned with her, in vain have I reproached her for her ingratitude, in vain have I accused her of having done me the greatest injury by marrying me only to make me miserable. I shewed her her lover's letter which I intercepted, and obliged her to see that her conduct was become too scandalous to be countenanced even by *him*. She had the assurance to laugh at my attempting to render her sensible of her errors, to call me tyrant, and to declare that she was sure Herbert never wrote the letter ; charging me with hav-

ing

ing got somebody to transcribe it.—“He
 “ loves me too sincerely,” added she,
 “ to address me in such a manner; and
 “ I shall, in spite of all *your* vigilance,
 “ soon receive one from him in a very
 “ different style.” This barefaced inso-
 lence is not to be endured! I have put
 her entirely under the care of a person
 on whom I can depend; she was my
 nurse, and has always lived in our fa-
 mily. She will not, I am certain, con-
 nive at my wife’s amours with any other
 man. In the mean while I desire you
 will make every necessary enquiry after
 Herbert, that I may be, when thorough-
 ly informed of his connections and at-
 tachments, better able to know how to
 conduct myself in a business which gives
 inexpressible uneasiness to

Your unhappy friend

GLANDOUR.

P. S.

P. S. My wife is confined to an apartment of her own, and denied the use of pen, ink, and paper: but she has the liberty of walking in the garden with me when she pleases.—My company, however, has never been agreeable to her.

L E T T E R I.

MR. HERBERT to Sir WILLIAM BOVEY.

IT is impossible for me to continue any longer here: I must love her if I stay. My attentions about her in consequence of her indisposition have so increased her former regard for me, and so softened her heart, that I cannot stand it. I doat on *her* already as much as *she* does on *me*: and that she doats on
me,

me, is very evident. I will soon convince you of her extreme affection for me : but let me tell you first, that she has not a single fault, she has no capriciousness, no pride, no vanity ; not the least affectation. She never casts a look on any man but me ; and yet, tho' she has a thousand virtues, with ten thousand additional charms, I must not—dare not think of her. She is an angel as much above my reach, as I am above being guilty of any mean action to procure her father's consent, without which she never will, I am sure, marry ; nor would I wish her to swerve from her duty—Yet how will she resign me ? Dear Emily !

Having discovered that we were mutually attached to each other in the tenderest manner, I began to be afraid of trusting myself any longer with her, and
assum-

assumed, therefore, a very different kind of behaviour: I kept at a much greater distance, and treated her with a reserve, a respect which, after the innocent indulgences exchanged between us, could only be attributed to the utmost indifference. Poor, dear girl! I cannot describe *her* behaviour upon the alteration which she observed in *mine*. She examined my every look, she watched my every motion, sighs broke continually from her gentle bosom, and the deepest melancholy seemed to have taken possession of her. Good Mr. Musgrove, also, appeared to sympathise with his daughter, and beheld both *her* and *me* with an affectionate sort of scrutinizing curiosity, as if he suspected that there had been some little misunderstanding between us, and wanted to find it out.

In

In this situation we passed a whole day : towards the close of it, Mr. Musgrove left the house, and left Emily and me sitting together : *she* sat with her eyes fixed on the floor ; *I* looked with a gloomy kind of reserve into the garden.

Hearing a profound sigh break from the bosom of my companion, I turned my head, and saw her sweet face bathed in tears, rivetted on me with a melting softness not to be resisted. I could contain no longer. I rose, sat down by her, took her hand in mine, and with all the impassioned tenderness which at that moment swelled my fond heart, asked her what had made her so melancholy ; what had so affectingly distressed my amiable friend.

The sudden change in *my* behaviour produced an immediate alteration in hers. The tenderest smiles lighted up those

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those features which had before a cloudy appearance. With a voice which would have softened a heart of adamant she replied, "I feared that I had said, or "done something to offend you."

A few more pearly drops followed those words, and almost deprived me of all the little resolution I had left. Yet still I strove to behave with indifference, tho' I could not help throwing my arm round her, and telling her that it was impossible for her to offend me; adding, that if it *were* possible, I was too insignificant an object to be attended to.

"I shall never think so;" answered she:—"I shall ever wish," continued she, after a pause, with a faltering voice, "I shall ever wish to deserve your "sincere approbation."

The charming timidity, and tender earnestness with which those words were pro-

pronounced, threw me entirely off my guard. I pressed her closely to my throbbing breast, while she, quite overpowered by the emotions under which she laboured, let her sweet face sink on my shoulder.

Thus situated we both remained, till we heard somebody coming towards the door. She then started up, and walked to the window. The servant was the person who alarmed us. He brought a message from a neighbouring Lady to Miss Musgrove, to inform her, that she would call on her for a quarter of an hour if it was agreeable to her.

The gentle girl looked as if she was hurt by this intrusion and interruption. I, on the other hand, shall have reason perhaps, to applaud the Lady for her friendly visit as long as I live, for I was, actually, on the very point of discovering

covering the sentiments which I had so long, and so carefully concealed, and which were ready to burst from me with an energy that would most pathetically have convinced her of the strength and sincerity of them. Circumstanced as I was, I could not forbear following her to the window, catching her hand, and intreating her to forgive me if I had, inadvertently, said or done any thing to displease her.

She answered me with a look, the most favourable one to be conceived; and modestly returning the pressure of my hand, prepared to receive her visitor.

To avoid the expected Lady I went into the garden. There I took myself to task severely for my indiscreet conduct, and determined to be more cautious for the future; tho' I discovered a fund of
love

love and pity in my breast, which rendered it extremely difficult for me to act with the reserve I had deemed necessary, to deprive the dear girl of all hopes, as I cannot, I think, with honour give her encouragement to cherish them. If I remain here, however, I shall undo both myself and her: I must, therefore, leave Acton. When I am at a distance I will write to her, and acquaint her with my intended tour: by such a procedure, that so much dreaded opening of my design of separating myself from her, and the still more terrible adieu, will be spared me. When I am at a distance from this amiable creature, I hope you will find more fortitude in

Your sincere friend,

C. HERBERT.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R L L.

Lord GLANDOUR to Mr. MACKINTOSH.

MY wife — To what appellation shall I have recourse so expressive of the iniquity of her proceedings, and her seemingly fixed resolution to destroy my peace for ever: to destroy *my* peace, and to hasten her own ruin?—My wife, I say, has, in spite of the vigilance of the person whom I planted over her to watch her motions, made her escape; nor can I tell in what manner she got away, nor who assisted her: some of the servants must, certainly, have facilitated her elopement, but neither threats nor bribes have yet been able to bring them to confession. However, as I have sufficient reason to believe that London is the place to which her *route* will lead her,

her I shall set out post in pursuit of her, and I intreat *you*, my dear David, to be so much my friend, as to make all possible enquiry after her. I must also again request you to get all the farther information you can relating to Herbert.

I hope to meet you on my arrival in London: if I am not so lucky, a line will be very acceptable, to

Yours,

GLANDOUR.

P. S. I read to Lady Glandour, that part of your last letter, in which you tell me, that Herbert has been at Mr. Musgrove's, at Acton, ever since I caught her waiting for him in Kensington Gardens.

LETTER LII.

MISS MUSGROVE TO MISS BUTLER.

WHAT hopes and fears! What perpetual anxieties torment the bosom of your Emily! Sometimes I flatter myself that I have made some impression upon the most valuable of all hearts: sometimes I am greatly afraid that Herbert is totally indifferent about me. He appeared so indifferent the other day that I was, beyond expression, affected by the coldness of his behaviour: I really began to think that I was rather the object of his hatred and aversion, than of that friendship of which I thought myself certainly possessed. I was so hurt, my dear, with such an alteration in him, and so desirous of knowing what I had
done

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done to occasion it, that I became quite wretched. My dear father plainly saw how much I was disturbed, tho' he kindly took no notice of my visible disquiet: yet Herbert, the dear cause of all my anxiety, still continued to treat me with a chilling respect, and by that respect, kept me at such a forbidding distance, that I was quite depressed.

On my father's leaving us together, yesterday, we sat for some time in a profound silence.

Seeing that he carefully averted his eyes from me, and would not take the least notice of my dejection, I could hold out no longer: I burst into tears. They were the happiest I had ever shed, as they roused the dear cause of them: they made an instant change in his behaviour, he flew to me, caught me to his bosom, and while he held me closely enfolded,

asked me, in the softest accents, from whence my tears proceeded.

I told him, honestly, the truth; I told him, that I was wretched because I was apprehensive of having displeased him.

He assured me that I could not offend him; and spoke of himself in such modest terms, that I could not help declaring the high opinion I had of him. He seemed quite transported; he pressed me close: he appeared to be unable to give a vent to his feelings. As for me, quite intoxicated with joy, I sunk upon his bosom, overcome with sensations which I cannot describe. He too was silent, tho' I every moment expected him to speak, as his eyes said a thousand tender things tho' his lips were shut.

In the midst of this tender scene, we were interrupted by an impertinent visit. As soon as that was over I went to seek him

him in the garden.—The evening was coming on, and I fancied that the dusk, added to my apparent readiness to listen to him, might prompt him to communicate the secret wishes of his heart: but I was mistaken, Lucy: he has no secrets to communicate: none, at least, for *me*. He now behaves quite easy, neither indifferent, nor particularly attentive: it is this mediocrity of behaviour which drives me to despair. I am thoroughly assured that he has nor once thought seriously about me. Yet tho' I have no hopes, Lucy, I cannot alter, I do not desire to alter my sentiments concerning him. I shall ever esteem him, love him, I may say, and honour him for the noble and uncommon resistance he made to his inclination for Lady Glandour; when it would have been highly indiscreet in him to indulge it. I shall always think

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him superior to every man I know, and cannot bring myself to love any other.— I may, certainly, be allowed to reckon upon him as a friend.—But I feel my friendship for him stealing into a softer passion—a passion which may, possibly, too much expose

Your ever affectionate,

E. MUSGROVE.



L E T T E R LIII.

Mr. HERBERT to Sir WILLIAM BOVEY.

I Received, yesterday, a very mysterious letter from an unknown hand. It was written in so ambiguous a manner, that I was curious to find out the writer of it; and wanting a decent pretence to leave

leave Acton, I told my good friends that some business obliged me to be in London.

Without giving Mr. and Miss Musgrove, any reason to think that I did not intend to return, I left them with slight adieus, and set off for the capital.

I should have immediately thought, I believe, that the anonymous letter came from Lady Glandour, had I not heard, from good authority, that she was in Scotland, and closely confined—Lady Glandour is now the last person I desire to see. However, as I am earnestly called upon to listen to the dictates of humanity, I cannot help wishing to know if it is really in my power to do what is required of me towards the relief of a person in very great distress, whom I have, according to the letter-writer's assertion, plunged, tho' undesignedly, into deep

affliction, and whom I alone can relieve. I go to the place appointed the more readily, as I find it is at a shop of some reputation.—When I know more you shall hear again from

Your

C. HERBERT.



LETTER LIV.

From the same to the same.

I Went as I said I would to the house mentioned in my letter; a milliner's in Covent-Garden, and told the mistress of it that I came thither in consequence of a letter I had received, to meet a person who had desired me to be there that morning.

I was

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I was immediately taken up stairs.

When the door was thrown open, Lady Glandour, to my extreme surprise, started from the sofa on which she was sitting.

I cannot describe her looks: still less am I able to describe my own; but they were, probably, different from those which she expected, as she changed colour, seemed to be very much disconcerted, and returned to the seat she had quitted with alacrity at my entrance.

I was full as embarrassed as she could possibly be: however, upon the person's retiring, who introduced me, and shutting the door, I thought it necessary, to say something: I therefore, told her ladyship that I had not expected to see her in town, having heard she was in Scotland.

E 5

"Yes,"

“Yes,” replied she, with great agitation; “and you wish I was there this moment, I dare believe—I am but too well convinced that Mr. Herbert is become the man I was made to believe he was, and that he has lost all the regard and affection he once vowed to retain for ever for the most unhappy of women.”

Here a flood of tears stopped any further utterance—Her tears, I own, exceedingly distressed me—I could not see this once adored, and still lovely creature in such a situation without emotions, to which I wished I had not been exposed; emotions the more painful, as I knew that it was not in my power to relieve her.

After a little pause, however, I replied, that I still felt, and ever *should* feel

feel so much friendship for her, as to wish to see her happy; adding, that as affection, in her situation, was a passion too of which I dared not to allow myself the indulgence, I could only hope that she would be contented with my friendly services, which she might always command, without expecting from me tender attentions.

Here I stopped, having said as much as I thought was proper to her in her present circumstances: they had an alarming effect upon her: she turned as pale as death, sunk back upon the sofa, and with a faltering voice, cried, "You love me no longer, then? What a wretch am I to have occasioned such a change in you!"—She then fell into a fainting fit. I was shocked at the condition in which I saw her, and hastened to her assistance; but having no smelling-

bottle, I rang the bell, and called for salts and water.

On the immediate departure of the servant, who had appeared in consequence of my rapid application to the bell, she started again from the sofa in a fresh passion of tears—"Every thing then is
 "over between us, I find," said she—
 "But tho' *you* can give *me* up so calmly,
 "I cannot part with the only man I ever
 "loved, I ever shall love, so easily: I
 "am but too well convinced, indeed,
 "that I have in some measure, brought
 "this upon myself; yet if you ever lov-
 "ed me, as you pretended, you could
 "not have seen my distress with so much
 "composure."

I will own I was very much hurt by this reproach, which I really thought I had not deserved. I was exceedingly disturbed at finding her continue in the
 same

same temper of mind she was in when we met first, not having it in my power to remove the cause of her uneasiness without throwing her into new disquiets, and deserved distress. I was as cautious, as my regret at not being capable of relieving her in the way she seemed to wish for, would suffer me to be, of what I said to her—Ringing the bell a second time, I told the servant on her re-appearance that I believed the lady had need of her assistance, and left her abruptly ; not chusing to enter into a detail of our former connections, before a third person, nor to venture myself any longer with her alone, lest a recollection of past scenes, should involve me in new ones highly improper—I wish indeed, that we had never met, as we were not destined to meet in the manner agreeable to my first desires. I am grieved to find
out,

out, so late, that she actually loved me, and that she has been so cruelly disappointed by listening to the delusive voice of ambition.—It will be infinitely better for us both never to see each other again. I am sure it is quite necessary for my future peace never to see that face, and to hear those accents which can only serve to revive ideas not to be remembered without the most painful sensations, by

Yours sincerely

C. HERBERT.



L E T T E R I V .

Miss MUSGROVE to Miss BUTLER.

I Am again sufficiently at leisure to take up my pen. Herbert hurried away from us on the receipt of a letter, without mentioning a syllable concerning

ing his return. I have, undoubtedly, no right to expect an explanation of his conduct: but as he seemed always desirous of being acquainted with every little alteration in my behaviour, and even looks, and demanded my reasons for such changes with the greatest earnestness, the most apparent friendliness, am I not encouraged, Lucy, to imagine, that he might have been more explicit with regard to his own behaviour? The want of openness on *his* side has, I confess, made me—foolishly perhaps—uneasy. To you I communicate my most secret thoughts, which I should be ashamed to disclose to any other person. I blush, indeed, at having indulged any thoughts relating to this man—but we cannot always command our inclinations.—I do not, however, know what I am saying: I hardly know what I write.

My

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My father, who has shewn much anxiety at my dejection, without enquiring too minutely into the cause of it, presses me to go to London with him. As I am sensible that he hopes, by taking me with him, to amuse me, I readily accept of his earnest invitation. I am therefore obliged to shorten this letter, but you may be assured that I shall ever remain

My dear Lucy's affectionate,

E. M.



L E T T E R LVI.

Mr. HERBERT, to Sir WILLIAM BOVEY.

IN what a scene have I been engaged!
Into what indiscretions have I plunged myself, by giving way to my passions!
Indiscretions which I had determined never

ver to commit: and against which, indeed, I have been arming myself with resolution. But with all his boasted fortitude what is frail man! How soon does he fall a victim to propensities which ought not—which, he knows, ought not to be encouraged!

As I hurried away with such precipitation from Lady Glandour, you will scarce expect to hear that I went to her again: yet a second letter, written in the most affecting terms occasioned my return. In that letter, after having most tenderly reproached me for leaving her in such exquisite distress, without staying to hear what she had to say in her defence, she so urgently, so eloquently, intreated me to see her once more, only to make replies to a few questions which she could not trust to paper, and on my answers to which her reconciliation with

Lord

Lord Glandour entirely depended, that I could not resist. The desire I felt to contribute to the restoration of her lost character, and to render her more satisfied with her marriage than she had yet been, determined me to wait on her.

Influenced by those considerations I dressed, and was as expeditious in returning to the house, as I had been in my departure from it.

Scarce had I entered the room when I saw the door open, and Lord Glandour appear.

Advancing to me, immediately, he charged me, in the most virulent language, with having, under the falsest pretensions to honour, endeavoured to make him believe that I had no longer any designs upon his wife, while I was, at the same time, seducing her from her duty.

I was

I was surprised, but not intimidated by this sudden, and very unexpected accusation, as I was conscious of the innocence of my conduct, and even of my intentions: but before I could exculpate myself, Miss Musgrove, to my extreme astonishment, made her appearance: running up to me, with a countenance in which terror was strongly painted, she placed herself between me and Lord Glandour, whose hand was upon his sword.—“Hold, for the love of heaven!” exclaimed she; “do not offer to injure him—however guilty he may appear, I will venture my life that he is not so. —Oh! stop—stop—”

She could not proceed, but sunk in a swoon at my feet.

Forgetting at that instant, every thing but the concern I felt for this dear amiable girl, who had exposed herself for

my

my defence and preservation, I raised her from the floor, and carried her in my arms to the very sofa which Lady Glandour had quitted, shrieking on my Lord's entering the room.

Then, turning to my Lord, I assured him that my visit was entirely at the request of his Lady, as she had expressed a desire to be reconciled to him, and only waited to receive some intelligence relating to the letter which I had wrote in answer to the first she sent me; adding, "I am ready to give Lady Glandour this letter before you, and if it is not sufficient to clear me from having formed the designs with which I stand charged—designs of which I had never the most distant idea—I am ready, when the Lady whom you have so severely terrified is recovered, to give you

“you all the satisfaction which one gentleman can demand of another.”

Lord Glandour listened to me with attention, but did not take his hand from his sword.

The moment I ceased to speak, he flew to Miss Musgrove, who was still without sense or motion. Then turning towards me, he said, “It is enough: “I am now convinced by your every “look, by your whole behaviour, that “you are too much interested in this “Lady’s recovery—whom I am sorry to “have frightened—to have any farther “designs upon *my* wife.”

I heard no more.—My attention was engrossed by poor Emily’s situation, a situation which I had unfortunately occasioned. I was shocked to death to think of what she had suffered, and might still suffer on my account. Taking her
in

in my arms, I strained her to my bosom, laid her face to mine, and thought of nothing but the recovery of her senses. Luckily for us both, Lord Glandour had removed himself and his Lady: I found myself therefore alone with Emily, who began, soon afterwards, to shew signs of returning life—A faint glow began to animate those pale cheeks which I had pressed with my lips, hoping to revive her; she began also to open her eyes. I then changed my attitude, lest I should offend her, and threw myself at her feet to ask her pardon for having, tho' very unintentionally, occasioned her being so greatly terrified. The impassioned tenderness with which her behaviour had inspired me, prompted me to lift her hands alternately to my lips, while I breathed a thousand swelling sighs, and often called her my dear, my amiable

amiable Emily.—I really was not master of myself at that affecting moment. I could no longer confine to my bosom, that secret which I had just before resolved never to articulate. I was now perfectly assured that Emily, alone, possessed my heart; and convinced, at the same time, that I had been guilty of the greatest impropriety in not letting her know the true state of the heart which was devoted to her for ever. Just when I was thinking of an attempt to make some sort of reparation for my faults, she, with a languishing, earnest look, tenderly returning the pressure of my hands, said, "Rise, Mr. Herbert; I intend to treat you to rise, and to tell me if you really are not hurt—Oh!—I have been frightened to death," continued she, "lest you should have been murdered by that violent man!—Are you wounded?"

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“wounded?”—added she, in the softest, kindest accents.

“No, my ever dear Miss Musgrove,” answered I, seating myself by her, and again taking her hands in mine; “I have received no hurt at all; I am only pained at seeing you so much terrified on my account, at a time when you did not know—when I did not indeed myself know—how dear you were to my doating heart.”

Here again I acted diametrically opposite to the plan I had chalked out for my conduct; but Love triumphed over reason, and rendered me totally incapable of resisting his almighty power; nor did I for some moments, repent of what I had said; for the joy she discovered on finding me, at last, what she had really so long sighed for, made me attentive only to her: I thought of nothing else, of
no

no other person in the world.—When I had uttered the above-mentioned words, a glow of transport seemed to animate her whole frame : she, at first, actually trembled with delight : a soft languor succeeded her tremor, and she sunk upon my bosom. Hiding her blushing face upon my bosom, she cried, in the sweetest accents, “ Oh, Herbert, do you “ then sincerely love me? may I believe “ you have no farther designs on Lady “ Glandour ?”

“ No, my dearest Miss Musgrove—I “ never had any after her marriage, and “ when I flattered myself with being dis- “ tinguished by *you*.”

She looked up in my face, with the tenderest earnestness, as if she still had doubts ; as if she still feared to be mistaken. However, on my repeatedly declaring, with the most ardent prote-

stations, how sincerely I loved her, she gave herself up to her ecstatic feelings.

She withdrew her arms, but she withdrew them only to fold them round me, to press me to her gentle bosom, quick-heaving with short sighs, while tears of rapture filled her charming eyes: those tears I kissed off before they fell—"My dear, dear Herbert," said she, softly, again hiding her glowing face, "I shall love you too well: but you must tell me why you, who now confess that you have so long loved me, never, before this alarming time, gave ease to my heart, and your own, by telling me that I was affectionately esteemed by you?"

"Because I had positively resolved," said I, "never to make that discovery; and I now exceedingly condemn myself
"self

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“self for having confessed a passion
“which I cannot justify, and which—”

“Hold, hold,” replied she, interrupting me, and rising from the attitude she had been in for some moments, —looking also very seriously at me,
“What do you mean by this? Are you
“changed already? Do you already repent of having made me so happy by
“your confession? Do you wish to retract it?”

“No; I shall never repent of making
“you happy,” replied I.—“To render
“you a thousand times more so, I shall
“ever studiously endeavour—But it will
“never be in my power,” continued I, with a deep sigh; “Mr Musgrove will
“never consent to my marrying his
“charming daughter. No, Miss Musgrove, I am destined to love, but never to be happy.”

“Do not say so,” answered she:
 “you *shall* be happy if your Emily can
 “make you so: My father, I am sure,
 “very much esteems you, and I dare say
 “that he, at present, does not intend to
 “marry me to any body, tho’ I thought
 “he did a little while ago; and I was
 “very uneasy, in consequence of my con-
 “jectures; but I refrained from ac-
 “quainting you with them, as you then
 “would have discovered that I loved
 “you.”

“And why did you desire to con-
 “ceal your inclination for me?”

“I did not know whether it would be
 “agreeable to you or not to know it, as
 “you had never declared any affection
 “for me.”

“How could I venture to declare it,”
 said I, “when there was so great a supe-
 “riority of fortune on your side?—I

“cannot,

"cannot, must not think of an union
"with you: I shall be called the most
"mercenary of men."

"You shall not say so," answered the
dear generous girl, "as I gain an inva-
"luable treasure in exchange."

In this manner we sat and talked,
forgetting time: we all were the world to
each other: at last, looking upon her
watch, she started. We could hardly
believe that we had been conversing so
long: we were, indeed, I found in a
convenient house, and might have staid
till the next day without interruption, by
making proper acknowledgements to
the people belonging to it. This disco-
very, however, urged me to leave it im-
mediately. A very natural question, at
that moment, occurred to me: I wonder
I thought not of it before.— "How
"came you here: my dear Emily?"

She replied that her father brought her to London that Morning, and set her down at a Lady's house within a few streets: that she went from thence to a shop the very next door to the house we were then in: that she saw me go in, and Lord Glendour hastily follow me with looks so alarming as to render her unable to restrain herself from going after him.—With the sequel I was much better acquainted than she was.—I then attended her to the Lady's house from which she came: we parted at the door, not without the greatest reluctance on both sides. Before our final separation she made me promise to come down to Acton that night. I told her that I certainly should be there, as I could not rest in a state of ignorance concerning her, after her fright.

When

When I had taken leave of Emily, I was tempted, I confess, to go back to the house I had quitted, and to enquire what became of Lady Glandour, whom I really pitied as much as I now loved Miss Musgrove : but when I considered that I might be drawn into a disagreeable situation by interfering, as I doubted not but that she was with her husband, I thought it better to avoid all interviews for the future. I went home, therefore, and sat down to write to you.

And now, Bovey, tell me, sincerely, tell me like a friend, whether I can with the least propriety think of asking Mr. Musgrove for his daughter, who is heiress to all his fortune? still less can I think of carrying on any clandestine proceedings: and yet to leave her now, when she has made so full and free a

disclosure of her love—how—how can I possibly—What is to be done then? I declare I am not able to guess: never was there a more endearing, a more lovely creature: but must she, because she is superlatively good and desirable, fall into the hands of a man who, sincerely as he may love her and adore her, will always be suspected of having had a design upon her fortune? The aspersion will be scandalous; but I must expect it if I make any proposals to Mr. Musgrove: with what face indeed can such a fellow as I am, who have nothing, ask a man for his daughter who can give her thousands?—Millions are too little to purchase the dear, gentle, inestimable girl:—We must love on, however—no—we must relinquish love, and rest contented with friendship: but it shall be a friend-

a friendship of a very uncommon kind :
it shall be as true, as lasting as love it-
self.

Adieu,

C. HERBERT.

LETTER LVII.

MISS MUSGROVE TO MISS BUTLER.

LUCY, my dearest Lucy, I am
transported out of my senses. Her-
bert, the every-way amiable Herbert
loves me, sincerely loves me. I am the
happiest of my sex. An accident pro-
duced the discovery of his tender at-
tachment to me ; an attachment as ten-
der as mine is to *him*. Going to pur-
chase a few trifles, I stepped into a shop
in Covent-Garden : from the window I
saw Herbert hurrying into the next
house.

house. Lord Glandour was immediately behind him. I was struck with a terror which I cannot describe. I apprehended nothing but murder; and that the man I love would fall a sacrifice to my Lord's jealousy, as he followed him with the most inflamed countenance imaginable. It is impossible to tell you how I felt at so alarming a sight; I forgot my sex, situation, every thing; I thought only of the danger to which I saw Herbert exposed: I flew into the house after them, and arrived just time enough to save Herbert by running between them. The violent agitation of my spirits deprived me very soon of my senses: I knew nothing of what passed. When I recovered I found Herbert at my feet with my hands pressed to his lips, and his eyes fixed on mine with such an affectionate anxiety, that I was almost

almost ready to die from excess of pleasure on beholding him so sincerely interested in my revival.—On my desiring him to rise, he made so ample, so tender a declaration of his long affection for me—tho' ignorant of the nature of his feelings till he saw me without any signs of life—that I became intoxicated with delight: I really believe that I was guilty of numberless indiscretions by discovering, in return, sentiments which I ought, perhaps, to have most carefully concealed: Yet where is the woman who can hide her thoughts from the man whom she truly loves? I now wish he would be as explicit to my father as he has been to me; but he says he shall be deemed so inferior to me in point of fortune, and reckoned so mercenary, that he cannot bear the thoughts of making proposals. After having

behaved in so disinterested a manner to Lady Glandour, when she was Miss Shenstone, he cannot be accused, I think, fairly, of an avaricious disposition. I intended to have said a great deal more about him, but he is come—I had rather, you may be sure, a thousand times, look at him, and listen to him, than write about him.—But you shall hear more about him soon from

Your affectionate

E. MUSGROVE.

P. S. I have told my father every thing but Herbert's confessing his love for me. I leave him to do that.

LETTER

LETTER LVIII.

Mr. HERBERT to Sir WILLIAM BOVEY.

IN the evening of the day I wrote last, I went to Acton. By good fortune Mr. Musgrove was gone to call upon a neighbour.—Emily flew to me. 'Tis needless to tell you that my arms were open to receive her, and that my heart was as open to receive any tender impressions which her looks, words and actions might make upon it: yet tho' she was evidently very much pleased with me, she was not at all chearful: her joy, I imagine, was too exquisite to break out into sallies of vivacity: her satisfaction was rather, I believe, of that solid kind which is better felt than described. There was indeed a soft, a melting languor in her countenance infinitely becoming,

ing, tho' it made me apprehensive at the same time that the violent fluttering which her spirits had been thrown in the morning had hurt her delicate frame : I was, therefore, ever looking at her with anxiety, and stealing my hand in hers.

While we were so situated the door opened, and Mr. Musgrove entered, as I was sitting in a very lover-like attitude by her side, from which I hastily started, as much shocked at his finding me with my hand in her lap, as if he had caught me with it in her pocket, stealing her purse : and really I think the highwayman, who robs from necessity, and he who steals a woman's affections without the approbation of her parents, are too nearly allied : the latter is perhaps the worst character of the two.—I looked, no doubt, as I felt, disconcerted : yet I was soon encouraged to resume my former

mer behaviour by the gentle looks, tender smiles, and alluring language of Miss Musgrove. I remembered no longer the distance I had prescribed myself: attracted by a thousand enchanting graces, and animated by her pleasing indulgences, I followed the dictates of my heart, and gave a loose to them by numberless impassioned caresses. My endearments were received by Emily with pleasure; they would have been returned, I am certain, had not her father's sanction been wanting. *That*, however, is a felicity I dare not expect—I cannot indeed think of venturing to ask him to bestow such an angel upon me: we must, unquestionably, separate, to the inexpressible concern of

Yours,

C. HERBERT.

LETTER

L E T T E R LIX.

Lord GLANDOUR to Mr. MACKINTOSH.

AFTER a silence of an unusual continuance, I must at length inform you of the cause of it.

You know very well in what manner I found out my wife, as you yourself dodged her into the house in which I caught her with Herbert, and gave me the first information of her frequenting it. You know, also, that I, at first, suspected Herbert of encouraging her in her dissolute and clandestine proceedings; but when I saw his behaviour to Miss Musgrove, I could not any longer doubt of *her* being the only object of his tenderness. This discovery has given a considerable relief to my tortured mind: it is far, however, from being at ease. It was with difficulty that I prevailed on

Laura

Laura to leave the room, and go with me : she made a resistance to my solicitations, but finding her lover tenderly engaged in the recovery of another woman, she, at length, went with me : She went with me, but apparently against her will : she pouted, and looked exceedingly sulky, scarce returning the slightest answer to any thing I said to her. She remained in her sulky fit during our journey back to the North. On our arrival there, she began to change her note with something like concern for what had passed : she told me that she was afraid she had been deceived with regard to Herbert, and that she had felt a great deal of uneasiness on his account, as she really was engaged to him, and left him for me ; adding that *I* could not but think such an action a criminal one, and that

that *she* should ever reflect upon it with abhorrence."

I told her she should have considered of her conduct with regard to *him*, before she had consented to become Lady Glandour.

"I ought, indeed, most thoroughly
"to have considered of it," replied she:
"for want of proper consideration, I
"have made myself completely miser-
"able."

"You have also extremely injured
"*me*," answered I; "you drew me in
"to believe that you could be happy
"with me.—I not only find myself mis-
"taken; I find that you cannot even
"be contented with me, nor common-
"ly decent."

"Why then, my Lord," exclaimed
she, "why did you press me so earnest-
"ly to marry you? Why did you per-
"suade

“ suade me to leave the only man I ever
“ loved? and why—fool that I was—
“ wretch that I was—did I, dazzled by
“ splendid prospects which I cannot en-
“ joy—Why was I seduced to leave
“ him?—If he has now given me up—
“ I merit, indeed, his total desertion,
“ but I cannot support it.”

Here a shower of tears put a stop to her complaints—I confess I was so much affected by those complaints, that I could not bear to see her wretched—I felt myself the cause of her wretchedness—I was too eager to secure a woman who appeared in the highest degree lovely in my eyes, and she was but too ready to accept of me, urged by the most mercenary inducements—We have, therefore, ruined each other—I feel myself in a great measure the aggressor, and reproach myself severely for an action which

which cannot be recalled : I even pity the repenting creature, whom I have not only rendered unhappy, but, perhaps, criminal too—she would probably, at least, have been so, had she not met with a man of very uncommon virtue, who had much more command over *his* passions, than she had over *hers*—Where, indeed, *might I* not have been at this time, if I had not restrained *mine* !—Some degree of consideration, therefore, is due to her ; for had I not pressed her to be my wife, she might have been married to Herbert, and satisfied with her lot : but as our situations cannot now be altered, what can be done by us, after having made each other unhappy, to render ourselves less so ? Herbert's attachment to Miss Musgrove is the only thing which seems to promise any alleviation of our mutual misery—

When

When my wife perceives that there is no room for her to hope to keep him still her lover, she may, perhaps, in time, bring herself to be tolerably easy with *me*—What a mortifying reflection, however, is this to a man who imagined that his person, fortune, rank, character, and, above all, his tenderness, might have commanded the affections of any woman; might have been courted by all women! And yet, when I consider that I suffer partly from my own fault, and that had I not taken a fancy to this particular female, preferring her to her whole sex, hardly any other woman in the world would have refused me, would have been unhappy with me, I am surely to be pitied as well as Lady Glandour—In short, we have both been in the wrong, and must now make the best of our precipitate connection. Were I but able to gain Laura's heart,

heart, I should forgive every thing that is past: I fear I shall never be so fortunate—She has no taste for the calm joys of tranquility and tender friendship: she has no taste for any thing except admiration and noise, riot and extravagance—Herbert, by what I can learn, was rather too sentimental, too philosophical for her: yet she certainly loved him.—I have a great mind to try what effect an extreme gentleness of behaviour, and a little more compliance with her favourite humours will produce.—But is there not a meanness in such a behaviour, David? Can I shew a deference to the caprices of a licentious, worthless woman, and sue for those pleasures to which I am doubly entitled (as a husband, and as the purchaser of them at a dear price) without appearing in the most abject light? Oh! my friend! did
men

men know the risque they run by an indissoluble union with such faithless fair-ones, few would have courage enough to marry, and, by marrying, expose themselves to the innumerable vexations which embitter the life of

Your affectionate friend,

GLANDOUR.



LETTER LX.

Lady GLANDOUR to Miss CHAPMAN.

Park-street.

WHEN I was last in London, my stay in it was so short, and attended with so many mortifying events, that I had neither leisure nor spirits to send to you. I am now here again, and shall be glad to see you, when it suits you to call on me. I have been the

I

town-

town-talk, I suppose: and I suppose too that a thousand lies have been circulated at my expence. I would not, however, have you believe a third part of what you have heard. I am ready to confess, that not being able to bear Herbert's weakness in being seduced by that deceitful creature, Emily Musgrove, I had appointed to meet him, after having before accidentally met him in Kensington-gardens. My Lord, ever jealous and suspicious, misinterpreting my design, hurried me down into the north, telling me, at the same time, a thousand falsties relating to Herbert, with the most extravagant aggravations. Inexpressibly provoked by such a behaviour, I came to London without asking his leave. I was sorry indeed, afterwards, for the step I had taken, but he may thank himself for it: had he not behaved

behaved in a manner so monstrously tyrannical, I never should have thought of it: we were both to blame. Hurrying after me, he found me at a house into which Herbert had that moment entered: he attacked him with his usual impetuosity, and would have, perhaps, murdered him, if that forward girl, Emily, had not flown after him. Taking it into her head to be frightened, she fainted, or pretended to faint; and Herbert, imagining that she was dying, hastened to her assistance. While he was so employed, my Lord forced me away, and carried me back to Scotland: *there* he made a violent bustle for a while, but, at last, beginning to see that he was in the wrong, he thought proper to make some concessions—He has brought me up to town again, and from being convinced that he only has

been to blame, has restored me to the good opinion of every body, by his submissions—He now lets me go where I please, and do what I please—In short, Sally, I never felt myself so much Lady Glandour as I do at present—Come, therefore, and enjoy, with me, the pleasure I have so long sighed after : I am still, however, wretched, in the midst of them—Herbert—Herbert, who once adored me, doated on me, is undoubtedly, unalterably attached to that bewitching syren, Emily—Come and tell me what must be done to destroy this connection, which is so highly disagreeable to

Yours most sincerely,

L. GLANDOUR.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXI.

Mr. HERBERT to Sir WILLIAM BOVEY.

HOW perplexing is my situation!—Continually prompted by prudence and honour to go, I am compelled, as often, involuntarily, to stay. Never had a man more reason to pray against temptation—I am perpetually telling Emily so, who will not suffer me to leave her. With the most seducing smiles, she cries, “Don’t go: you must not, shall not leave us.” In return I asked her what her father will say. A gentle sigh is sometimes her only reply: sometimes she answers, “I know not, but I am sure that I can never listen to any other man.”—I should be indeed half distracted if she did. I find new beauties, new excellencies in

her every hour : she is become the idol of my heart, my soul, my every thing : but by thus nourishing a hopeless passion, I only lay a foundation for future infelicity : and yet if I leave this dear object, she will pine away her life in sorrow and disappointment. I wish Mr. Musgrove would take some notice of my attachment to his daughter, and either give her to me, or forbid me his house at once—I should then know the worst—He, certainly, must see our partiality to each other, yet he does not seem to see it, though I am, every moment, betraying myself.

She had the head-ach yesterday : I was so much concerned at it that I could not help hanging over her all day. Twice Mr. Musgrove caught me feeling her pulse, and once with my hand upon her forehead to find out the exact degree

degree of warmth, fearing she was feverish.

Another day I happened to be ill myself: she expressed such tender pity for me that my heart was quite softened. My arm encircled her waist, and my head sunk on her shoulder. She was kind enough not to chide me: but what must Mr. Musgrove think, who came into the room abruptly, and saw me in that attitude?—He turned from me, indeed, and gave me time to recover myself. I am sure, however, I felt the colour in my face mount up to my very eyes, when he looked at me; tho' it is certainly better, after all, that he should see I love his daughter; that he should know it is impossible for me to help loving her. I even wonder, every time I behold Emily, every time I listen to her, that I did not always

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adore her, and am still more and more astonished at my having preferred Miss Shenstone to her : I was captivated by her outward form ; but upon a near examination, I find Emily far handsomer than Laura. Laura had the art of setting off her person to great advantage, and of shining in conversation : an art unknown to Emily : she is perfectly artless ; she cannot even conceal her love for me : it breaks out upon every trifling occasion : it languishes in her eyes : it trembles upon her tongue ; and as it is the first passion she ever felt, it will, I dare affirm, be the last. Were it possible for me to be indifferent about such a woman, I should hardly deserve the name of a *Man* : to the appellation of an *honest* man I shall not, certainly, be entitled, if I proceed in this clandestine manner : I will endeavour

deavour to convince Emily that she ought to drive me from her: I will also assure her that I can never presume to ask her of her father; swearing, however, at the same time, by all that is sacred, never to think of any other woman. Upon these terms only can I bring myself to leave her: when I have carried my separating design into execution, I will come immediately to you, expecting every consolation in your power.

Yours most affectionately,

C. HERBERT.



L E T T E R L X I I .

Miss MUSGROVE to Miss BUTLER.

I Should be the happiest of human creatures, my Lucy, could I but

G 4

have

have the courage to tell my father how sincerely I love Herbert, and how sincerely I am beloved by him. I even think it my duty to inform him of every secret of my heart. No father, indeed, can better deserve the confidence of a daughter than mine, as he has always been so very indulgent: and I will venture to add, that no daughter could have fixed her heart on a more worthy man than I have done: a man to whom I wish to be united by the strongest of all ties; and yet we are by no means in a way to be united. My dear lover is too delicate, too disinterested, to propose himself; I am too apprehensive of my father's being of a different opinion from mine, to tell him that I can love no other man than Herbert.

You ask me if we never talk of Herbert: we scarce ever talk of any body, any thing else. My father is continually launch-

launching out in his praise, and I would do the same; but fearing to say too much or too little, I am so much checked, that I am quite unable to express my feelings.

I wonder sometimes that my father does not read in my eyes what passes in my heart—that he does not discover in Herbert's looks the tenderness which he knows not how to conceal. If he *does* see what passes in *my* heart, and in *his*, he takes no notice of his discoveries: he expects one of us, perhaps, to acquaint him with our sentiments. I blame myself, indeed, exceedingly, for being so long silent, when I so much desired to speak. I am almost ready to wish that Herbert was less scrupulous: a strange confession, Lucy, this from your once bashful Emily—Were not the man, on whose account I make it, Herbert, I should:

should die with shame to communicate it even to you, had you not found me out at a time when I was hardly sensible of feeling more tender sensations for him than I should have felt for a very amiable brother.—Were I blest with a brother—I say *blest*, my dear Lucy, in order to share my father's fortune, Herbert would not, it may be, think my fortune too great to deter him from soliciting an alliance with me. With his birth, education, personal accomplishments, and character, he has fair pretensions to a much larger fortune than I shall, probably, inherit.—His love for me gives me the highest pleasure; but I am distressed by his diffidence: his timidity is his only failing; and yet surely it is a charming one, Lucy: never did I think I should have occasion to blame

blame any man for his modesty; but what a strange altered girl is

Your

E. MUSGROVE!

L E T T E R LXIII.

Lord GLANDOUR to Mr. MACKINTOSH.

LADY Glandour and I are now become a couple as completely fashionable as any in the kingdom. She has her full swing of liberty, and, of course, ever goes a different way from me. We have separate apartments, separate company, and separate pleasures: It was not, however, you may imagine to contribute to her pleasures, by taking off the restrictions of which she complained; I had no view but to endeavour, by unlimited indulgence to win the heart which

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I found

I found it impossible to gain by any other mode of proceeding: were she possessed of the least generosity of temper, she would certainly try to make some return to my affection, supposing her incapable of feeling any. Gratitude, I imagine, might prompt her to treat me with the appearance of kindness at least: but that she disdains: Hypocrisy is not one of her vices—no, she seems to glory in affecting the airs and manners of a woman of the first fashion: a character in which she never can appear with the smallest propriety: her carriage is more like that of a bold, half-bred woman of the town, than that of a real Lady. There is such a thing as dignity even in the most vicious women: I am sorry to say, David, that my wife rather flirts in the style of a kept mistress, than amuses herself like a woman of rank, who should

should pay *some* regard to decency. To appear as little vicious as possible is, surely, meritorious.—As Example is so very powerful, those who move in the highest spheres of life, ought to be particularly studious to acquit themselves in the most unexceptionable manner upon all occasions. Too many in those spheres are greatly reprehensible: I am sorry to add, that too many women, distinguished for their beauty and their rank, scandalously distinguish themselves by their deviations from virtue.—I had hoped, I confess, that I should not have increased the number of those husbands who have too much reason to be ashamed of their wives; but I fear that Lady Glandour is not to be reclaimed. She has not scrupled to tell me that I set out wrong at first, and that had I laid no restraints on her at the beginning, she should have been

been happy. I cannot be of *her* opinion. I do not believe that she ever loved any man except Herbert; nor do I imagine she would have loved him long had she been married to him, without the possession of a fortune sufficient to gratify all her extravagant wishes—nay, even then, I do not think she could have been contented with *his* admiration: “What signify,” she often tells me, “rich cloaths, jewels, equipages, and servants, if I am not every where seen and admired?” — This passion for admiration draws her from one folly to another; and there is no saying where she will stop: and yet, tho’ I see all this, tho’ I know all this, and know too that she would have gone off with Herbert, I should be weak enough to love her fondly, could I but lure her back to what I think her duty, and make her find her happiness at

at home and in me.—With this view, animated by this hope, I have taken off all that restraint of which she complained: yet nothing has the least effect upon her. The most unbounded liberality, and the tenderest indulgence are equally unable to move her heart to return the affection of

Yours sincerely,

GLANDOUR:



LETTER LXIV.

Miss CHAPMAN to Miss MASTERS.

YOU wonder, you say, at my giving up so much of my time to Lady Glandour: indeed, Kitty, it is very amusing to see the manners of people of fashion; tho' between you and I, the highest and the lowest are vastly alike; that

that is, I mean, they think of nothing but their pleasures, and do not care a straw what any body says of them.

Lady Glandour has made herself prodigiously talked of about Mr. Herbert: she declares, however, that she is, in no shape to blame: yet she has also confessed that she shall never enjoy a moment's peace if Herbert marries Miss Musgrove: she, at the same time, encourages Mr Southwell to follow her about every where, and I shall be very much surprised if he is not soon liked as well as Herbert, for he is extremely assiduous; and his assiduities added to a handsome face and genteel figure, must certainly do. My Lady meets him at routs, and indeed wherever she goes.

We were at the play the other night in the side-box, and Southwell soon afterwards:

terwards came in, and sat by her the whole evening.

You ask me if my Lord is of our parties ; I answer no : what woman of quality has her husband always pinned to her side ? Indeed, Kitty, you seem to be quite ignorant of these things. I have learnt a vast deal in the last fortnight I have been with Lady Glandour, and may, perhaps, pick up a lover or two, out of the number of men who follow us about. So my aunt told my uncle when he was unwilling I should come hither ; he was actually ready to make a quarrel of it : he said, I should only get ridiculous notions into my head, and lose my character : but my aunt, in return, asked him if it was not worth while to hazard a character in hopes of making a fortune, and whether *he* would hesitate about doing any thing to get money which

which he thought right. This reply silenced my uncle at once, and we heard no more of him. My aunt then bade me go, and pack up my cloaths, and make myself ready to wait on her Ladyship whenever she sent for me. I was quite pleased to find that my aunt approved of my spending some part of the beginning of the winter so agreeably. We go every where, and see every thing; yet I do not think that my Lady is at all happy. She is always talking and laughing, indeed, in company; but she sighs very often when alone. She appears to be most pleased when she is with Mr. Southwell: and yet I do not believe she likes him half a quarter so well as she likes Mr. Herbert. She cannot endure my Lord, tho' he makes no attempt to controul her: and when
 ever

ever she finds an opportunity, which seldom happens, endeavours to give her pleasure—she receives no pleasure from any thing he says or does. She often tells me, when we are by ourselves, that she hates the world, and every body in it. When I asked her if she hates Mr. Herbert too, she replies, “ Would you have me love a man who leaves me for a faithless creature who, under the pretence of friendship, betrayed me? but he will find her out by and by: she will be as false to him as she has been to me, and then he will be as shy of her as he is of me.”

Thus you see, Kitty, that Lady Glandour, tho’ she has beauty, rank, and admiration of all men, one excepted, is, for the want of his admiration,
misera-

miserable.—She sends for me—you shall hear more in my next.

Yours,

S. CHAPMAN.



LETTER LXV.

Mr. HERBERT to Sir WILLIAM BOVEY.

AT length, Bovey, I may venture to write myself happy: blessed beyond my most sanguine expectations in the love of the most amiable of women, and in the approbation of the worthiest, the most generous of men.

While I was, yesterday morning, at Acton, walking up and down hastily in the garden, with my arms folded, and my eyes fixed on the ground, deeply considering to what method I should have

have recourse to reconcile Emily and myself to my departure, on which I had, at last, determined, Mr. Musgrove joined me.

After having mentioned several things of very little consequence, he added, "Where is Emily?"—looking full in my face.

I cannot tell you why that question disconcerted me, but disconcerted by it I certainly was. I, therefore, hesitated before I made any answer—I then said—"I do not know, sir." Instantly, recollecting, however, that she had informed me she was going to call on the Lady in the neighbourhood I have already mentioned to you, I told him so: but I delivered my information in the awkwardest manner imaginable; I spoke with no firmness: I was apprehensive of his suspecting me of a design to deceive him,

him, the very thoughts of which I abhorred. I felt myself embarrassed. To complete my confusion, he turned short upon me. "Herbert," said he, "do you love my daughter?"

Here was a question, Bovey! I started, coloured, and stammered out—really not knowing what to say—"Love Miss Musgrove, Sir!"

"Aye; do you love Miss Musgrove, my daughter?" replied he, clapping his hand on my shoulder: "Is it not a fair question? and cannot you answer me as fairly?"

"I fear not," said I, shrinking from him, shrinking almost from myself—"I fear I have not acted fairly by you, Sir: I confess that I love Miss Musgrove more than my life; to prove my affections for her I will, from this hour, see her no more: and I sincerely

“ask your pardon for what is past; but
“I should have been more than man to
“have seen so many beauties, so many
“virtues unmoved. I ought, it is true,
“to have informed you of this long
“ago, or to have quitted your house on
“finding myself unable to resist my pre-
“sumptuous passion. It was too violent;
“it mocked all resistance.”

Mr. Musgrove surveyed me from head to foot. He saw—he must have been blind not to have seen it—my whole frame in a tremor. My eyes dared not to meet the glances of the man whom I thought I had wronged.

In a few moments he asked me, why I intended to leave the girl whom I confessedly loved.

“Because, Sir,” answered I—“be-
“cause I can have no pretensions to a
“woman with *her* fortune. You and all
“the

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“ the world might have deemed me mer-
“ cenary, had I addressed Miss Musgrove,
“ and concluded — not unnaturally—
“ that her fortune would have been the
“ principal object I had in view. I,
“ therefore, cautiously concealed from
“ her the tender sensations which she had
“ raised in me; but a very unforeseen ac-
“ cident happening to her, affected me,
“ and alarmed me so much, that the se-
“ cret which I had closely confined to
“ my own bosom till then, burst from its
“ imprisonment.—From that time I have
“ been continually resolving to break off
“ all connection with her; and I was, at
“ the moment you joined me, consider-
“ ing about the most effectual methods
“ to accomplish my design.”

He looked at me, smiling, during this
speech; and then said, “ I suppose my
“ girl

“girl is as much attached to *you* as *you* are to her.”

“Ask her yourself, sir,” replied I.

He turned short, and left me directly. In about a quarter of an hour he returned with my blushing Emily. Having put her hand in mine, he said, “There, sir, is my daughter; could I have found out a more worthy man for my son than yourself, you never would have had her.”

I thanked him for the inestimable treasure in the best manner I was able, but not in expressions equal to my sensations, while I clasped the dear girl to my bosom, who actually let fall a shower of tears. Kissing them away, I asked her if she wept at my happiness.

“No, my Herbert,” replied she; “I weep only for having delayed it, by not making my dear, indulgent fa-

“ther sooner acquainted with every secret of my heart, which has been yours almost from my first acquaintance with you.”

You may guess the answer I returned to so tender a confession. Mr. Musgrove enjoyed our mutual satisfactions. He gives me a fortune with his daughter superior to what I ever could have expected: but that is no otherwise of consequence to me than as it may contribute to my Emily's felicity. I do not pretend to be so very indifferent to the elegancies of life as not to be capable of tasting and enjoying them: but as I willingly would have married a woman with nothing could she have conformed to my sober plan, so I would not, on any account marry a woman with the most splendid expectations, who could not be contented without living perpetually in

a crowd, and who had no relish for domestic pleasures; the only rational, the only lasting ones, in my opinion. My Emily is exactly the very kind of woman formed by nature, education, and taste, to make me happy: and I am supremely blest to find that I am the only man for whom she can think of leaving the best of fathers. She shall not leave him, if they chuse to remain together. — I have as great a respect and esteem for Mr. Musgrove as if I was his own son.

I am going to write to Lord Herbert upon this animating subject, and must therefore conclude

Your ever-affectionate

C. HERBERT.

H 2 LETTER

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LETTER LXVI.

Miss CHAPMAN to Miss MASTERS.

WE are all in the vapours here; that is, my Lady, who is every body. She has been certainly informed that Mr. Herbert is going to be married to Miss Musgrove. I cannot describe the condition into which she was thrown by this intelligence which she heard at a rout. She was ready to faint, but imputed her indisposition to the heat of the room, and said she must return home. Southwell, who is her shadow, followed her. My Lord, luckily for her, happened to be out: she could, therefore, complain as loudly as she pleased: tho' I believe she would not have minded *him* much at that time. Southwell appeared to be extremely concerned at her disorder: I am really of opinion that he loves her; but

but as she is married, you know, he should not trouble himself about her. I *do* think the men are vastly wrong-headed to run only after married women, when there are so many single ones who would be glad of them; but this Southwell seems not to be very wise, or else love makes a fool of him. However, my Lady appeared to be pleased with his assiduity about her. (Married women now, who are thoroughly fashionable, like any men better than their husbands.) In answer to his polite inquiries she told him that nothing could relieve her but the putting a stop to the horrid marriage she had just heard of; adding, that if he could invent any thing to break off the match, there was nothing she could refuse him. This was going a great way, you will tell me: I believe, indeed, she thought so, for he

was mighty grateful: he kissed her hand a thousand and a thousand times, and she made no efforts to oppose him. To be sure there is something vastly pretty in these fooleries, and no harm in them at all: but if my uncle heard me he would ring another story in my ears, as he calls it.—My answer would be, that what men say is never to be minded.

Southwell promised to use his best endeavours to break off the match, conditionally; that is, on her Ladyship's keeping her word with him.

When he was gone, I asked her what she meant by her behaviour, and if she really intended to act agreeably to her declarations to Mr. Southwell.

“Lord! what nonsense you talk,” replied she, “who ever keeps her word
“with a man?”

I was

I was glad to see her a little in spirits, however; but she grew dull again, and ordered Mr. Badley, to tell my Lord that she was ill.

She is not yet up.—In a day or two I shall know more—I have a strange curiosity to see how this Southwell will manage matters. If she should bring back Herbert, she must, certainly, be civil to them both: tho', perhaps, she may play poor Southwell a trick, for she makes nothing of the breach of her word with a man: I may add, I believe, with a woman too. I have seen a good deal, and I have made many observations since my arrival here. I have so much more pleasure here than I have at home, that I put up with some things in order to enjoy others. Lady Glandour, to give her her due, is civil to me, but I can plainly perceive that she keeps me with

her for her own convenience—Every body will not come and go just when she is in the humour. The bustle which she made about Herbert before was of no service to her: she is received, indeed, at routs, and goes to the public diversions, yet I find a vast many people have left her off, and do not visit here; people who are my Lord's friends, and who do not scruple to talk very much concerning her.

I once told her what I heard whispered about her while she was at the play: she replied—"I don't care: I will make
 " myself as happy as I can for all their
 " nonsense; half of it arises from nothing
 " but envy; most of them would be
 " very glad to be in *my* place, but people
 " love to chatter."—And so to be sure they do: for I have heard in a night at one of these assemblies, a number of
 lies

lies circulated about myself—She is therefore right in saying that it is to no purpose to mind peoples tongues.—I think, however, that she has not behaved well to my Lord, nor, by her own account, to Mr. Herbert, who never would, I believe, have left her if she had not left him first:—In short, Kitty; tho' Lady Glandour is reckoned to have more wit and sense than other people she has acted very much like a fool; and inferior as she may think *me*, in every respect, to *her*, I know how to despise her: but as I can be carried everywhere for nothing, and have a handsome apartment, and sit down every day to an elegant table, I consider it as well worth my while to fall in with her whims and caprices, especially, while I can divert myself with them, and my dear Kitty

also, who never can cease to be sincerely loved and esteemed by

Her affectionate

S. CHAPMAN.

LETTER LXVII.

MISS MUSGROVE TO MISS BUTLER.

WHAT sudden revolutions are there in almost every body's life!—Who can say, during the continuance of four and twenty hours, “I am happy.” A very little while ago I thought I could have affirmed that the happiness I enjoyed would be rather increased than diminished.—It is now destroyed: there is hardly, perhaps, at this moment a person in the world more wretched

wretched than I am—I do not, however, pretend to tell you that I have, apparently, as much reason to complain of my situation as some people have of theirs. My dear father, I thank God, is well, and kind to me, beyond, much beyond my deserts; and he believes me to be as well satisfied, as I am otherwise, for I am in a state of great perplexity: I know not how to act: I am most disagreeably situated.

The day before yesterday I thought that my father had made me the happiest of women, by giving me to Mr. Herbert, with his own free will, without knowing that he was the wish of my heart, without being solicited on either side: nor could any man seem more pleased, more transported than Herbert did upon the occasion; for my part, I sincerely confess that I gave a loose to

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the joy I felt at finding my father had himself chosen for me the only man whom I ever can love, and without having received the most distant hint from me, with regard to my preferring him to all his sex. I did not imagine it possible for three people to be happier than we were: I even fancied that Herbert had never loved me till that instant, tho' I had long before the strongest encouragement to believe I was exceedingly dear to him.—How grossly have I deceived myself! How miserable am I made by the deception! I am firmly resolved, however, be my sufferings the acutest which can be endured, not to marry a man who does not, who cannot love me, who only pretends to love me out of pity.—Oh! it is insupportable—I wish not to be *pitied* by Mr. Herbert, tho' I am certainly at this time as true
an

an object of compassion as ever existed—
 thrown, at once, from the summit of
 felicity, into the abyfs of wretchedness.
 —This sudden change seems undoubtedly
 ftrange to you—Nothing could have
 been more ftrange to *me*.—My astonish-
 ment has almoft deprived me of my
 fenfes—I fhall be better, I truft, when
 I have opened my heart to my Lucy:
 to no body elfe dare I difclofe its fe-
 crets.—Scarce can I describe the excefs-
 ive pleafure I felt when I knew that
 Herbert was at liberty to love me:
 when he told me fo: he told me fo eve-
 ry moment, and repeated his tender de-
 clarations with an energy which made
 me hear them with as much delight as
 he plainly difcovered while he uttered
 them. I could have liftened, indeed,
 for ever to his charming accents: my
 willing ears hung upon his voice: never

was

was there a more melodious one—He had not left me above a quarter of an hour when I saw, while I was under the row of elms in the garden, a paper lie on the ground.—I stooped immediately to take it up; thinking it might be one I had, myself, dropped.—I was mistaken—It was a piece of a torn letter: the first words which struck me, were—
 “You say that nothing should oblige
 “you to marry Miss Musgrove——”

I was startled, I confess, and, could not resist the desire I had to read more of what so nearly concerned me.—

“whom you never can love, did not you
 “think that her father, to whom you
 “are under obligations, and your brother
 “would both be offended at your
 “refusal: to say nothing of the great
 “advantage that must arise from her
 “being an only child, and consequently

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“ an heiress. To be sure, Charles, such
“ offers are not thrown in every man’s
“ way ; but why old Musgrove should
“ be offended at it I cannot see, as you
“ have nothing to make you an equal
“ match to his daughter, which is the
“ first point these old fellows have in
“ view : and as to Lord Herbert’s being
“ angry, what right has a brother to in-
“ terfere in your affairs? He may wish
“ you settled affluently, indeed, if he
“ has really a regard for you; but, un-
“ doubtedly, if he knew the aversion
“ you have to the girl, he could not press
“ a thing that must be so disagreeable to
“ you : notwithstanding all your endea-
“ vours to conquer your passion for
“ Lady Glandour, you cannot love any
“ other woman”——The rest was torn
off, but I had read enough to make me
miserable.

And

And now, my dear Lucy, the difficulty is how to act—There is but one way, and that is a very plain one—I ought to give up all thoughts of Herbert; I ought, indeed, myself to reject him; to reject the very man whom I have so long loved, and by whom I have, for some time, fancied I was fondly beloved—'Tis a hard task, just now, Lucy—I must submit—but I cannot help feeling. Enchanted as I was with Herbert's personal and mental attractions, I *must* keenly regret the loss of him.—He cannot be the man I imagined he was—the worthy man he always appeared to me, if he can connive at deceiving me rather than offend my father and his brother, who have not, either of them, as the letter-writer justly observes, any reason to concern themselves about him.—My dear father, who certainly fixed
upon

upon Herbert because he thought him a man of uncommon merit, tho' he may be sorry to find himself mistaken in him, will be glad at his *not* marrying his daughter, if he has so great an aversion to her. Lord Herbert, indeed, may very naturally wish his brother in possession of a good fortune: but he ought to consider, at the same time, that the largest fortune, with the woman whom we hate, can never be enjoyed. I wish most fervently that Herbert had been in possession of a fortune equal to his desires, he would not then have rendered me unhappy by making me believe he loved me: had he crushed all my hopes only by discovering indifference, I should have entirely conquered my weakness, perhaps, which his behaviour to me certainly encouraged.—Pity me, my dear friend;

friend; do I not deserve compassion? Few women are thrown into such a situation as mine. I must endeavour to struggle through it as well as I can.—My chief concern is to find Herbert, whom I believed to be possessed of every virtue, so destitute of sincerity, the want of which must exceedingly lessen him in the eyes of all worthy people. Would you not be grieved, Lucy, to see a friend, whom you dearly loved, turn out a man unmeriting your regard?—This is my case at present—I am grieved, I am pained beyond expression: I hope, however, that I shall have fortitude enough to behave with propriety upon the most trying occasion I ever met with. Say something, say any thing to me, to strengthen me in the resolution I have made to
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give up the *man* once so dear to the heart of

Your affectionate.

E. M.



LETTER LXVIII.

MR. HERBERT TO SIR WILLIAM BOVEY.

THERE has been, within these few days, a striking, an astonishing change in Miss Musgrove's behaviour, which affects me prodigiously: the more so, as I cannot assign the least reason for it. She who was ever gentle, ever affectionate, and of a remarkably even disposition—since her father's approbation of my love uncommonly chearful, and enchantingly tender—is now become melancholy and inconsistent,

ent, cold and indifferent: two or three times have I caught her weeping—I have importuned her with all the eloquence I am master of, with the most impassioned tenderness, to acquaint me with the cause of the sudden alteration in her behaviour: but in vain—It is impossible for me to describe what I suffer upon this occasion. I have intreated, implored her to tell me in what shape I have offended her; what part of my conduct has been reprehensible—to no purpose.—She starts from me, and flies to hide the gushing tear; to stifle the swelling sigh. I have, from the time I perceived this amazing change in her, continually employed myself in taking a retrospective view of my conduct; but I cannot, upon the exactest scrutiny find that I have ever given her any reason to be displeased with me. I doat on her

to

to such a degree that I shall be distracted if I cannot discover the cause of her dejection. If I can neither discover it, nor remove it, I must apply to Mr. Musgrove, and request him to assist me in drawing the secret out of Emily. He has not yet, I fancy, perceived it: She appears to be more guarded before him: but when alone, with *me*—she contrives to be alone with me as little as possible—she becomes quite a different creature.—I am so confounded and perplexed at this sudden and disagreeable turn in my affairs, that I cannot think of writing any more at present—I can only subscribe myself,

Yours, &c.

C. HERBERT.

LETTER

LETTER LXIX.

Miss CHAPMAN to Miss MASTERS.

Park Street.

I Am still here, tho' I do not know how much longer I shall stay. My aunt has informed me in a letter that my uncle says I have been too long here already, and shall get no good by living in a style of life so much superior to what I have any right to expect. To be sure I like it prodigiously: I have a vast deal of pleasure; more, I dare swear, than her Ladyship herself. There is such a fuss with these great people—Envyings, jealousies, and quarrellings prevent them from having scarce a happy hour in the day. I, who have none of their niceties, who have but one point to carry—that is, to get a good husband if I can—laugh
from

from morning to night; and the very things which put the great people about me into a bustle, divert me.—My Lady, however, begins to be in spirits again. Southwell, who is eternally coming to the house—when my Lord is not at home—has assured her that Herbert and Miss Musgrove will never come together, but he will not tell her what he has said or done, to break off the match: he begins, I think, to take liberties already. I find, indeed, that all the men are pretty free, if women will suffer them to be so. My Lord looks as if he suspects something. I have acquainted her Ladyship with my surmises, in order to put her upon her guard; she does not, however, seem to mind me: I do believe that she likes Southwell; but she says he is better than nobody, and she has so disgusted my Lord by her neglect of him,
that

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that he now gives himself no trouble about her. She now, indeed, does just what she pleases, she ought, therefore, in my opinion to be very good-humoured to him; but some people are never contented. I must hasten to a conclusion—She has sent for me to amuse my Lord, as she calls it, in the parlour, while she talks with Southwell in her dressing-room.

Adieu.

S. C.

L E T T E R LXX.

Lord GLANDOUR to Mr. MACKINTOSH.

ALL my endeavours to induce my wife to love me, to make her a reasonable woman are at an end. She is continually out of humour and discontented

tented when she is with *me*; always flirting with fellows when I am not with her, and sometimes even before my face. There cannot, consequently, be the slightest expectation of felicity, of tolerable tranquility with such a woman: I will, therefore, however difficult my task may be—strive to divest myself of all the passion, all the inclination I once felt for her, and which I still frequently feel when I behold her beautiful face, and graceful figure: but when I consider that she never loved me, that she never *will*, never *can* make me happy, I think I had better give her up at once, after having in vain tried all methods to please her, to win her to be only decently obliging. Let no man from this time, if he has hopes of conjugal happiness, marry a woman who does not sincerely love him: let him not press a woman to

give him her hand, if he imagines that he receives it from her against her will. Laura, without doubt, was ready enough to marry me; entirely, I believe, on account of my rank and fortune, to which she ambitiously aspired:—I did not, I confess, on our marriage, suspect her of having been actuated by mercenary motives, tho' I can safely say, that she never discovered any marks of real affection for me. Eager to possess her person, and flattering myself that my tenderness would make her, at length, return my passion for her, I ventured to marry her.—From the day I married her I have hardly enjoyed an hour's peace: I must, therefore, encourage her to procure me that tranquility of which she has robbed me. I will—to adopt a coarse but expressive phrase, give her rope enough. I will let her quite alone. Perhaps

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haps she may, in time, do her own business. Sure I am that she will be infamous whether I attempt to hinder her or not: sure I am too that I cannot hinder her infamy, and that I will make no efforts to hinder it. I will do nothing to give her any reason to complain of me, neither will I throw her into the way of danger from the attempts of other men; but if she wilfully runs into the way of it, she must take the consequences. I shall certainly avail myself of her folly, in order to get rid of her for ever. I do not tell you that I shall not *feel* at seeing her render herself contemptible; but as I cannot hinder it, I must bear it; I must endeavour to acquire a sufficient quantity of fortitude in the hour of trial.— Whether I behave with the firmness with

I 2 which

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which I wish to behave, or sink under
my disappointments, I shall ever remain

Yours sincerely,

GLANDOUR.



LETTER LXXI.

Miss MUSGROVE to Miss BUTLER.

WHAT a poor, weak creature am
I grown, my Lucy ! Ever since
I wrote last, I have been seeking for an
opportunity to put my scheme in exe-
cution, and reject the very man whom
my heart doats on. It must be so :—that
very affection which I feel, which I must
ever feel for him, urges me to spare him
the pain of carrying on a design which
gives him so much disquiet ; a disquiet
which can be in no shape so well re-
moved as by my exerting a proper de-
gree

gree of spirit upon the occasion.—I am very sensible this is right, and proper, yet I have not yet been able to act agreeably to my intentions. Yesterday, I thought I was thoroughly determined; but the efforts I made to bring myself to speak to Herbert disordered me so much that I fainted away while I sat in the parlour.

My father was from home, and Herbert discovered a concern so *apparently* unfeigned, that I was almost ready to give credit to my eyes, and to disbelieve every syllable of his cruel letter, the recollection of which made me start from his bosom—(on which I found myself relieved, and on which I had heard him utter a thousand tender things while I lay seemingly insensible.) He pulled me gently down again, expressed the greatest anxiety about my indisposition

and when I recovered, held his hand on my head for a long time, notwithstanding all my efforts to hinder him; begging me with so much earnestness to tell him what, I thought, was the cause of my illness, that I knew not how to conceal it.—As he has, however, confessed that he can never love any woman except Lady Glandour; as he has declared an aversion to me, it is impossible for me to think of him with patience, to accept of a man's hand, whose heart feels no inclination for me. The little tenderneſſes which deceived me before would even now deceive, did I not know that they arise merely from pity. He ſees your friend's weakness: He pities, but he cannot love

Your

EMILY MUSGROVE.

P. S.

P. S. Since I wrote the above I think I have got more resolution. I will try to seize the first opportunity to avail myself of it, lest I should again lose the power of speaking.



LETTER LXXII.

Mr. HERBERT to Sir WILLIAM BOVEY.

A Stonishment! Miss Musgrove has refused to perform her engagement with me: that Miss Musgrove, that dear, that still dear, amiable Emily, on whom my heart fondly doats, has told her father, and has told me, she cannot, will not be mine, nor will she give me any reason for her behaviour; she only says that she cannot be happy with me. A little while, a very little while ago she declared—repeatedly declared, that I a-

lone made all the happiness of her life. What can have happened! what can have occasioned this sudden, this amazing change in her! she does not own any dislike.—Her father, who acquainted me with her refusal, says, that she still speaks of me in the highest terms, but that she begged him to tell me she could not think of marrying, and intreat me not to talk to her upon a subject which would only give her pain, as her determination was irrevocable. The excellent old man lamented, with *me*, this unaccountable resolution in his daughter's carriage. He is, I believe, really concerned at it, but he cannot feel it as I do. I am tortured to madness at her behaviour, a behaviour which, I see, costs her an infinite deal of uneasiness to support.

When

When Mr. Musgrove had finished his very unlooked for, and most mortifying, most afflicting information, I flew to Emily, and conjured her, with the strongest expressions, not to doom me to eternal misery by a change in her conduct which I never could have expected, (and which I have not, I am sure, deserved)—affirming that if she would let me know what I had done to offend, or displease her, she might depend upon an immediate atonement for my errors and inadvertencies.

She answered me at first only with tears and sighs—she then desired me eagerly to leave her, and to mention this subject no more to her again. When she had spoken these words, she arose, tho' scarce able, as I clung to her knees, on purpose to force me from her.

Some villain must have traduced me, said I — Lady Glandour, perhaps. — She shook her head, and would not hear me: but at the name of Glandour, a fresh flood of tears streamed from her eyes. She broke, hastily, from me.

What is to be done? I cannot disentangle this perplexed affair—it absolutely distracts me. The poor, dear girl, also, suffers so much that I tremble for her health.

At Mr. Musgrove's desire, I have left Acton for a few days. He assured me, at parting, that he would try every method in his power to find out the cause of his daughter's altered behaviour: adding, that he would use all his influence over her in my favour. I came away without taking leave of Miss Musgrove, at her own earnest request,

communicated to me by her father; she, herself, positively refused to see me.

My brother, who shares my surprise and concern, says, that he is certain there is some secret enemy at the bottom of this; but if Emily had heard any scandalous report about me, she would not have concealed it thus to torture her gentle bosom, which is, I am well assured, severely pained for me and for herself.

IN CONTINUATION.

I have just received a note from Mr. Musgrove: he informs me that Emily is seized with a fever, and that he is afraid the uneasiness which she has for some time felt in her mind, has occasioned it.—I fly to say, to do every thing in my power to console *him*: and to endea-

your to restore *her*—if my solicitude on her account will not be offensive—to alleviate at least her anxiety: in spite of the change in her behaviour she *must* be ever dear to

Your sincere friend,

C. HERBERT.



LETTER LXXIII.

MISS CHAPMAN TO MISS MASTERS..

SO!--Mr. Southwell has produced undoubted proofs of a final separation between Mr. Herbert and Miss Musgrove. He will not discover by what means he has brought it about, but claims his reward. My Lady puts him by with a laugh, and tells him that he is sufficiently rewarded by having pleased her.

Such

Such replies, however, I see are no way satisfactory: and, moreover, he has the insolence to threaten her with the undoing of all he has done, at *her* instigation, if she will not fulfill her engagements with him.—This is putting oneself into a man's power *indeed*!

IN CONTINUATION.

I hear a violent noise. I wonder they are not afraid that the servants should listen, or that my Lord should come home; but these great people have neither fear nor shame, I think.—O—my Lady's coming.—She has got rid of him at last.

IN

IN CONTINUATION.

He swears, she says, that if she does not consider him a little, he will not only go and make it all up between Herbert and Miss Musgrove, but inform them that *she* insisted upon his making them come to a quarrel.—She is in a violent flutter—She tells me that she must see Southwell alone to night in her dressing-room, and that I must find out some way to divert my Lord, if he should come home, that she may have time to save herself, by fair words, from the performance of a promise which she never had considered in a serious light.—Tis dangerous, I find, to meddle with these men. I cannot stay to write any more at present.

Yours as affectionately as ever,

S. CHAPMAN.

LETTER

L E T T E R LXXIV.

Lord GLANDOUR to Mr. MACKINTOSH.

I Do not know whether I can, with any degree of satisfaction, inform you, that I have discovered my wife in a situation with a young fellow who has long dangled after her, sufficient to enable me to procure a divorce.—However, I shall now get rid of an infamous woman who never could have afforded me any pleasure, or done me any honour. I had, indeed, for a considerable time, guessed how things were going, and when I found it impossible to reclaim her, I winked at her proceedings with her lover. I received a great part of my intelligence from Sally Chapman, a girl of Lady Glandour's acquaintance, whom she had

had invited to her house in the character of an humble friend.—Female friends, you know, are very apt to blab every thing they hear on both sides. I will not positively assert that Sally betrayed the confidence reposed in her; but she was fond of talking, and so I drew out of her hints enough for my purpose. I broke in upon the *tête a tête*, accompanied with proper witnesses. My wife affected, with an unparalleled assurance, to fly into a passion at my daring to see, with my own eyes, things as they were. Her Adonis hung his head, looked like a fool, and slunk away. I cannot help regretting the necessity I was under to take such a step as this; but why was it? *She*, who, possessed of every winning charm, might have reigned sole mistress of my heart and fortune; who might at the same time, have commanded universal

fal.

sal admiration, respect and esteem, why would *she* render herself an infamous character, an object of contempt and scorn, merely to gratify her taste for variety? I am as young, as capable of pleasing a woman, as him whom she has fixed upon for her favourite.—I said but little to her that night: I only, retiring to a separate apartment, told her that she must quit my house, as I should not permit her to dishonour me here again.—She appeared struck at this, and stared as if she did not perfectly understand me: I repeated my words, therefore, pretty strongly, but waited not to hear her answer to them.—I sent a message also to Miss Chapman to let her know that as Lady Glendour was to remove to-morrow, I would carry her home to her uncle.—I then sat down to write to you.—But I find my-

myself so much disordered that I must lay aside my pen.

Adieu.

G.



LETTER LXXV.

MR. HERBERT TO SIR WILLIAM BOVEY.

I AM almost deprived of my reason. Miss Musgrove is, a second time, at the point of death, and I am the unfortunate cause of it.

Hurrying to Acton upon the receipt of Mr. Musgrove's note, I begged him to let me remain in the house, or at least, in his neighbourhood, till his daughter was out of danger. He not only consented to my request, but thanked me for coming so expeditiously, assuring

assuring me that he firmly believed her illness was entirely owing to her parting with me, tho' my departure was at her own immediate desire.—The dear girl, I am certain, loves me as well as ever. I am continually in her chamber, but when decency requires my absence.—She has not once lost her senses: she knows, therefore, that I perpetually sit by her bed-side, watching every turn of her disorder. Frequently do I steal my hand on hers, burning with her fever, in hopes of finding some abatement of the cruel heat which devours her. When I withdraw it, feeling myself almost scorched by the bare touch, my anguish is inexpressible: the deepest sighs force their way from my overcharged bosom: tears flow from my eyes, and the agonies I endure are not to be described: they are rendered the less supportable by the efforts

efforts I make to conceal them, lest I should disturb the dear afflicted cause of my distress.—Mr. Musgrove shares my sorrows : he is, doubtless, extremely concerned on his daughter's account, and I think I may venture to say on mine also.—Fondly as he loves his Emily, he thinks she has acted capriciously by rejecting me. However, I shall be satisfied if her health is restored : all my wishes are to see her well and happy—I love her for her own sake : I have no thought of interrupting her tranquility, in order to gratify my own desires.

IN CONTINUATION.

My Emily was unable to speak till yesterday. While I sat by her side, and laid my hand on hers, she lifted up her languid eyes, and said, in a faint voice; “Mr. Herbert, why are you here?”

“Where

“Where should I be, but here, my
“dearest Miss Musgrove? I can neither
“rest here, indeed, nor any where else,
“while *you* are in this disordered state:
“I could not exist at a distance from
“you: I must see you, I must hear you
“every moment. Were you only the
“friend of my heart, I should be thus
“anxious about your recovery; as you
“are my dear, destined wife, how severe
“must be my feelings!”

“Wife!” replied she, with a deep
sigh.

“Yes, my Emily;” answered I: “if
“you will not be my wife, I will never
“have any other.—You *shall* be my
“dearest, fondest friend for ever.”

“I fear, I shall—” replied she, in the
softest accents, and with a sigh of ten-
derness which filled every vein of my
heart with transport, and made me
snatch

snatch her hand to my lips in an ecstasy—She did not withdraw it, but said something which I could not hear.—From that hour she has mended.—May heaven restore her to my fervent prayers! I ask no other blessing.

Adieu.

C. H.



LETTER LXXVI.

Lord GLANDOUR to Mr. MACKINTOSH.

THE morning after I had made my very mortifying discovery, Lady Glandour—for she must a little longer bear that title—as soon as she believed I was stirring, sent to beg leave to speak a few words to me.

Imagining

Imagining that she only wanted to attempt to make some excuse for a crime which could admit of no palliation or pardon; my answer was, that I had nothing more to say to her, and that I again insisted upon her leaving my house immediately: adding, that she might take the cloaths I had provided for her, but, on no account, her jewels, as she could not wear them with any propriety in the situation to which she had degraded herself.

Satisfied with the propriety of my answer, I determined from that hour to see her no more: but I could not avoid the sight of her. Before I thought she could have read my answer she burst into my apartment, with her eyes streaming, and, on her knees, intreated me only to hear her.

I strove

I strove to disengage myself, telling her that, after what I had seen, nothing she could say would have any effect upon me.

She replied, that she should not, could not undertake to vindicate a proceeding on which she reflected with horror—"I never had the slightest intention," added she, "of being criminally concerned with so contemptible a wretch, a man whom *you* cannot hate and despise more than I do—Spare me, only spare me one half hour; I will make you all the reparation in my power for the injury you have received from *my* folly, by giving you the reasons for my late conduct, tho' I shall not presume to defend them."

I made no reply—I was, indeed, incapable just at that time of speaking.

She went on in the following manner.

"When

" When you first saw me, my Lord,
 " I was as much in love with Mr. Her-
 " bert as it was possible for me to be,
 " yet urged by a desire of raising my-
 " self, and increasing my consequence,
 " I did every thing I could think of to
 " attract your notice, and to make a
 " conquest of your heart. I succeeded;
 " my vanity and ambition were amply
 " gratified, but I still preferred Herbert
 " to all the world; tho' I can assure your
 " Lordship with the greatest sincerity,
 " that I endeavoured to acquire that ten-
 " derness and affection for you, which
 " your generosity and kind treatment
 " deserved. The singular dislike which
 " you discovered to all the pleasures of
 " public life, and the desire which you
 " shewed to lock me up from the world,
 " increased that indifference I first felt
 " for you, and it rose, at length, to

“aversion. Just at that juncture I, un-
 “fortunately, met Herbert with Emily
 “Musgrove. At the sight of him, upon
 “a very intimate footing with *her* who
 “had always pretended to be my friend,
 “my envy and jealousy were strongly
 “excited—I did not consider that as I
 “was married, Herbert and I had no bu-
 “siness to think of each other—I could
 “not bear to see Emily happy with the
 “only man whom I had ever loved; the
 “man whom I would have preferred to
 “kings had he been master of a genteel
 “competency. I, therefore, to relieve
 “my tortured mind, took every me-
 “thod in my power to draw him away,
 “but with no success.—*You*, my Lord,
 “intercepted the letter he sent me, when
 “I was flattering myself that I still had
 “influence enough over him to prevail
 “on him to leave her.—Stung, almost to
 “mad-

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“madness, at his neglect of me, and his
“fondness for Emily which I very
“clearly perceived with my own eyes, a
“second time, at an accidental meeting
“at the milliner’s, I had no hopes of
“happiness but in trying to separate
“them; and I hoped to occasion a se-
“paration by availing myself of the as-
“sistance of the wretch whom I ever
“despised, who has undone me. He
“followed me, flattered me, and at
“length finding my whole soul set upon
“parting those happy lovers, offered to
“attempt it: He carried his point by
“bribing a servant to throw a letter into
“Emily’s way, appearing to be an an-
“swer to one which Herbert had sent to
“a friend expressing his aversion to her.
“This design succeeding, Southwell
“claimed his reward; and vowed that as
“he could, he would undo all that he

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“ had done at *my* instigation if I kept
“ not my word. Alarmed by his threats
“ which he repeated, intermixing many
“ soft and soothing speeches, I lost my-
“ self before. I was aware of my danger.
“ —I feel, my Lord, the truest contri-
“ tion, for my folly, for my criminal
“ behaviour: I detest, I abhor myself
“ for having been so fatally deluded, as
“ much as I abhor and detest the vile
“ wretch who has ruined me.—But I will
“ never see *him* again, my Lord, nor any
“ other man without *your* approbation,
“ and in *your* presence, if you can over-
“ look this single indiscretion, and per-
“ mit me to hold the same place in your
“ *house* as I deserve, if I have for ever
“ lost that which I once happily pos-
“ sessed in your *heart*.”

Here sobs and tears prevented her from going on; but they had not the intended success.

success. I cannot think of reposing any confidence in a woman who has acted as she has done; of taking to my arms again *her* who has, in so scandalous a manner, injured both me and herself; neither can I suffer her to remain in my house, as every body must then be encouraged to imagine that I have forgiven two crimes committed by her, the greatest of which a woman can be guilty: her personal prostitution, and her cruel resentment against two amiable people, have rendered her completely infamous. —I felt my blood rise with indignation at the thoughts of having any farther connection with such a woman as Laura. I told her, therefore, that I should only furnish her with the decent necessaries of life; adding, that I should immediately sue for a divorce.—To prevent any attempts to alter my determination, I in-

sisted upon her removing from my house without delay, declaring at the same time that I never more would converse with her.

Anger now took possession of her: she foamed at the mouth with rage, and disappointed pride. I called the servants to her assistance, and left her to *their* care. I was told afterwards that she fell out of one fit into another, and that they became fearful about her life. I ordered a physician to be sent for, and have permitted her to remain here till she is out of danger: she must then positively remove. I will no longer be exposed to the flurry of spirits into which I am thrown by her nearness to me. I cannot help feeling for her too sensibly, notwithstanding all the misery which

which I have endured on her account.

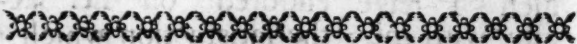
Yours,

GLANDOUR.

P. S. As I shall make a point of endeavouring to restore the tranquility of those agreeable young people, whom this unhappy woman has, most probably, greatly disturbed, I intreat you my dear friend, to inform Mr. Musgrove of that part of this shocking affair, which may be necessary to produce a satisfactory interview between his daughter and Mr. Herbert. I should be sorry to be instrumental to the unhappiness of any more people.

K 4

L E T.



LETTER LXXVII.

Miss MUSGROVE to Miss BUTLER.

I Am, at length, able once more to tell my Lucy that I am not only out of danger, but able to walk about my room; and this ability I impute, under heaven, to the extreme disquietude, and tenderness which Herbert has discovered for me. I could not any longer keep the resolution I had made to drive him forever from my heart, when I saw his concern, and heard his complaints accompanied with heavy sighs, at a time when he thought me incapable of attending to any thing. This behaviour of his thoroughly convinced me that he had a very sincere affection and esteem for me: and from the moment I was so convinced

ed

ed I grew better.—He is almost perpetually with me : the satisfaction which he discovers on my being in a mending way fills me with the most pleasing sensations. He assures me that he will never give me up, and that if I deprive him of my love he has a claim to My friendship ; a claim which he cannot relinquish.—What can I say to him ! my heart pleads for him tenderly when he throws himself at my feet, takes my hands in his, lays his head upon them, and with imploring eyes intreats me to tell him, insists, indeed, upon my telling him, why I wish to bereave him of my love : what can I say ? I tremble while I listen to him, and avert my face, while I beg him to drop a subject which only gives me pain : which only gives him extreme disquiet.

K 5

He

He comes, and in the greatest hurry.
—He desires earnestly to speak to me.

IN CONTINUATION.

Oh! Lucy! Lucy! what intelligence did my Herbert bring me! Nothing less than the certainty of his innocence. A Mr. Mackintosh, a friend of Lord Glandour's, has wrote to my father to inform him, that the vile letter which almost destroyed me was contrived by a young fellow who has been discovered by Lord Glandour to have an affair with his Lady. It was written, it seems, to please *her*, to please Laura, that cruel girl who pretended to be my most affectionate friend. However, I forgive her; I am sure I do, and pity her sincerely. It was her excessive love for my Herbert, I find, which drove her to this extremity.

With

With what transports did he fly to tell me all, and to beg me to revoke the dreadful sentence I had pronounced against him. You may easily imagine that I granted his request. As soon as he had obtained the wished-for revocation, he talked of calling Southwell to account for his scandalous behaviour. You may be certain that I was more alarmed at this than at any thing: I sunk, indeed, motionless into his arms, while my dear father assured me that he should not run any hazards for my sake. Mr. Mackintosh, after having related Southwell's iniquitous proceedings, added, that he was beneath a gentleman's resentment, and that he had left the kingdom. What an excellent man must Lord Glandour be, to discover so much solicitude, in the midst of his own distresses, for *our* happiness!

Lady Glandour is dangerously ill, I hear. Poor Laura! I pity her excessively. What were *my* feelings, tho' on the point of leaving the most amiable of men, to those which she must now experience! But Herbert will not let me write.—He interrupts me every moment. He is frantic with joy—he swears he will be married to-morrow, lest he should meet with another disappointment. I sometimes quarrel with him and sometimes laugh at him—but I love him.—Oh! Lucy! it is impossible to tell you to what a degree I dote on him; and yet at this very moment he swears I do not love him at all.—Fy, Herbert—My father chides; I must obey—good night—may every happiness be yours—So prays

Your

E. MUSGROVE.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVIII.

LORD GLANDOUR to Mr. MACKINTOSH.

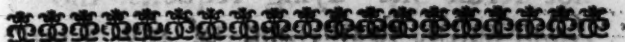
I Thank you, my dear David, for the obliging care you took to inform Mr. Musgrove of Southwell's illiberal behaviour. He was indeed stimulated by the seducing charms of Lady Glandour to act in the manner he did; but *her* conduct can neither be defended, nor excused. What mischiefs do the fairest works of nature too frequently occasion!—Poor unhappy Laura is no longer a seducing object; she is dying: Shame, grief, and despair have blasted all her charms, and brought her to the brink of the grave. She sent to beg to see me once more, to solicit my forgiveness,

ness, and to intreat me to offer up petitions to heaven in her behalf. I could not refuse her dying requests, tho' I could hardly bear the sight of her in so pitiable a situation: neither can I describe the affecting scene, nor my own feelings. She could only cry, "Forgive me—pray—forgive a wretch undone by vanity and ambition." I pressed the clay-cold hand which she extended to me, and replied—"I freely pardon you; may the great God of heaven be merciful to us all."—I could not add another word—I left her in strong convulsions.

IN CONTINUATION.

She is dead—the world is now nothing to me. In spite of all her failings, I loved her. Where is the human being wholly exempt from them? Fortune and rank could not give happiness to
poor.

poor Laura, nor can they bestow felicity
on me.



L E T T E R LXXIX.

Mr. HERBERT to Sir WILLIAM BOVEY.

I N my last I * told you of my trans-
ports on having it in my power
to clear myself to my Emily, and to
see her hourly recovering: yet I could
not prevail on her to consent to be mine,
while Lady Glandour lay in so mis-
erable a state. — “ She was once my
“ friend—she will soon be released from
“ all her sufferings on *my* account.”—It
was in vain I set Laura’s conduct in
the infamous light it deserved, and
assured her, that such a woman was
not worth a single moment’s reflect-
ion. I scolded—stormed—swore—lov-
ed—

* The insertion of this letter was thought unne-
cessary by the Editor.

ed—doted, and hung round her snowy neck — She would hear nothing. Last night we were informed of Lady Glandour's death, and of my Lord's setting out for Scotland. — My sweet-tempered girl shed a flood of tears over the failings and misfortunes of her poor lost friend.— Then wiping her eyes, and rising, she gave me her hand. — “ There, Mr. Herbert,” said she, “ now I am yours for ever.” I strained her to my bosom.—But I have not time to say any more—Next to the amiable Emily, you live in the heart of.

Your

C. HERBERT.

T H E E N D.

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